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Notes of the Week

Parliament has been occupied in the main with debates on national economy—out of which has risen, as a minor chord within a major motif, renewed discussion of Inflation, Conversion, and Reflation. (Bimetallism has, oddly enough, been rather avoided). In all these matters the Lords have spoken more freely than the Commons, and the Government has been more constrained than private members. Indeed, a little more candour and a little less mystery from the Treasury Bench would do no harm and might conceivably do some good.

It is difficult enough for the plain man to live in an economic blizzard; but when he finds in addition that those who are in charge of the ship of State appear to be navigating in a fog he begins to wonder, not so much whether their policy is right, as whether they have any policy at all. Admittedly it is difficult to grasp these currency controversies as a whole, but it should not be beyond the ordinary man's intelligence to understand a plain statement of the main factors of Government currency and financial policy. Unfortunately for us all, not only has no plain statement been made, but it seems unlikely to be made before the House adjourns this month.

The half-yearly meeting of the Conservative Central Council not only passed several resolutions in the usual course, but appointed a representative Sub-Committee "to convey to the leader of the Party the terms of resolutions it is desired specially to bring to his notice." This language, and the short report of some of the speeches, ("we have a right to expect a courageous lead from the Government and not a policy of drift") suggests the methods of the Labour Party, in which the leader is told when, where and how to lead by the caucus which controls him, than the Conservative or, we are bound to add, the Liberal Party as these have hitherto been known.

The Labour Party has not been so successful in its innovation on the standard practice of party politics that we should have any special desire to follow its methods; and as a matter of plain well-tried principle and common-sense we hold, and have always held, that it is for leaders to lead and for followers to follow. If and when the leader fails the pack has the right to depose him, or, in the language of modern times, to accept his resignation with profound regret on the score of ill-health or advancing age; but so long as the leader leads, it is for followers to follow, not to instruct.

Such was the recognised practice with Pitt, with Canning, with Peel, with Salisbury, and on the other side of politics with Grey, with Gladstone,

and with Asquith—all of whom would have said things short, sharp, and offensive had any attempt been made to dictate to them by local associations and backwoodsmen. On general principles, then, we cannot approve the innovation suggested rather than actually introduced by the Conservative Central Council.

But eternal principles in this sad world sometimes curtsy perforce to temporary emergencies; and the truth is that the Tory Party as a whole is dissatisfied with its leaders, and more particularly with Mr. Baldwin's leadership during the past few months. It is not simply that the body of his speeches is vague and indeterminate—that might be excused as the honest confession of a puzzled man thinking aloud, and arriving at his conclusions by Balfourian curves rather than by Chamberlain straight lines. The gist of the complaint is not that he wanders from the point, but that the point is not there—either at the beginning, or in the middle, or at the end.

Mr. Baldwin is no doubt sensitive to the need of a National Government for unity, but unity is not necessarily nebulousness. He gives the impression of a man moving uneasily in a circle, and that species of performance, while it results in large majorities in the division lobbies of the present House of Commons, appears to be less effective—as recent by-elections show—in maintaining majorities in the country.

* *

The Spirit of Irony that presides over international politics has played no more unhappy prank than the change of governments in

German Intransigence France and Germany this year. Almost at the very moment when M. Herriot becomes Premier of France, and makes ready for a gesture of conciliation towards Germany, the extremist Herr Von Papen replaces the moderate Dr. Brüning in Berlin, and what is gained for peace from the French angle is more than lost from the German.

The exchanges of opinion still continue at Lausanne, but it must be said quite frankly that the hopeful atmosphere of last week—when the optimistic special correspondents all sent messages suggesting that France and Germany (like righteousness and truth in the Psalms) had met together and kissed each other—has now vanished. Herr von Papen, in fact, has not only disclosed his hand, but as M. Herriot has become more reasonable, he has become less so.

Unless some sudden change of heart affects the German delegation, it seems that we must now regard Lausanne as having failed. The usual Committee may indeed keep the usual simulacrum of vitality in the languishing discussions, and the open admission of collapse may thus be avoided,

but there is not much point in the preservation of form while the substance is so patently lacking.

The German proposals mean, in effect, the liberty for Germany to re-arm to any extent, in return for which the German Government "would hold it possible that Germany should make a contribution to the common effort to rehabilitate the economic structure of the world." As to the contribution alluded to by this vague and guarded phrase, it is impossible to presuppose more than that it would be sure to prove advantageous to Germany and to no one else. That, of course, matters little: the important thing is the direct demand that the main treaty of peace (doubtless dragging along behind it the minor Treaty of St. Germain) should be scrapped.

* *

In this thundery and depressing atmosphere, the transfer from Lausanne to Geneva, from reparations to armaments, promises **Disarmament or more Armaments?** little in the way of progress. Mr. Hoover's admirable but perhaps rather amateurish suggestion of a one-third cut all round in Armaments is seen to have objections from the British point of view, but our qualifications are more on detail and procedure than principle; in the case of France and Germany, however, the opposition is radical.

Germany can at least plausibly represent that her official army is a police force to restrain internal disorder and to insure the Reich against revolution; France, with an eye on the unofficial Nazis, will retort that to cut down her own Army by a third would expose her once more to the risk of a German invasion. It has been said very often and often plausibly that France has made a fetish of security rather than reconciliation; but we cannot expect her to go to the other extreme, and make a fetish of insecurity.

* *

In these circumstances we can only smile a little bitterly at the proposal that Mr. Henderson shall remain permanently at Geneva in the service of the League of Nations. **Mr. Henderson as Peace Angel** Mr. Henderson himself is an excellent party organiser who has done great service to the British Labour Party, which has been not too well rewarded. But he happens to have been the worst Foreign Secretary of modern times; and his influence on the Continent is even more limited than his knowledge of the Continent. It is not his fault that Disarmament is on the road to failure, but even had the omens been brighter, it would have been an accident if under his presidency the Conference had been a success.

The proposal should at once be withdrawn; Britain cannot afford to look ridiculous at the present grave moment in international affairs.

The conflict between Bavaria and the Government of the Reich over the permission for Nazis to wear uniform and be an organised force is both more, and less, important than it seems. Revolution or a break-up of the German Empire as a suggested alternative, is a mythical or bogus fear. But the matter is not without consequence.

Bavaria, for all the labels put on things, is a virtual monarchy that never lost its monarchical feelings to the same degree as North Germany. Prussia, indeed, has for two generations been at bottom rather an oligarchy than a monarchy, which is one reason why there has always been a certain distinction between its tendencies and those emanating from Munich.

Now the oligarchs of Berlin are seen to be considering the possibility of a Hohenzollern restoration in Prussia and the German Empire: not in order to give back a control to the Hohenzollerns, which they never really or completely had since the ascendancy of Bismarck, but in order to attach an added solidity and lustre to their organisation. Should a restoration take place in the North, another will undoubtedly be seen in Bavaria, where it would merely require a proclamation for Prince Rupprecht to ascend the throne in an otherwise quite unchanged situation.

But, if and when this happens, Bavaria will want better terms as partner in the restored monarchical system of the German Reich than she had before the war. What those terms are we cannot know, but probably Prince Rupprecht and his advisers keep them pretty clearly in view.

Here, then, is the usefulness of the Nazi controversy to Munich. This and other points will be used as counters in a game, in which it is a fair bet that Bavaria will win some, at any rate, substantial advantage. Directly, this will only affect the internal structure of the Reich; but indirectly its results will touch British policy, and the situation should be watched with care.

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It would be rather absurd to break butterflies on the wheel and go off the deep end about the Eton rag on the way home from the Winchester match. All the same rags of the past were—or so it seemed—more witty and less caddish. Any fool can break up a railway carriage so long as he is prepared for the necessity of paying for the damage; or make himself a nuisance to the citizens of Windsor at the expense of his own long leave for Lord's. But it's a poor sort of example to inferior schools and a glorious stick in the hands of all who hate public schools.

One of the demerits of growing old is the loss of that rather odd spirit which takes delight in

what are public nuisances. A man comes, rather rapidly, to a frame of mind in which he dislikes having London turned into a bear garden for the body of Patroclus—alias Phineas, or because Oxford has again failed to reach Mortlake ahead of Cambridge. And Eton is younger, which intensifies the dislike. But reformers who will take pot-shots at tradition and monkey with waist-coats are apt to produce rotten reactions.

**

No prophet is without honour save in his own country. But the unhappy position of the Wheat Quota deserves an uncommon measure of sympathy. As an expedient designed to placate the Free Trader, to call tariffs by another name, and deprive them of a part of their tonic properties, the Wheat Quota was almost still-born. Few people, save the "Morning Post" had a real "pash" for it, but few people had embittered hatred of it. So the Wheat Quota, conceived by a private member and the Conservative Research Department, born in Tudor Street, found a foster-mother in Downing Street, and a sort of a monthly nurse in the Farmers' Union. Poor little brat!

And now? Lord Beaverbrook has never really loved the child; the best authorities on British farming, dairy or arable, do not conceal an unnatural aversion; the "Morning Post," admitting that its ewe lamb was, "at first sight attractive," has come roundly to the conclusion that it is better dead. Infanticide! Shocking, horrible, heart-rending infanticide! And Ottawa in the offing.

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It is possible to hope that these pages will appear much as they have been written. But the journalistic "stunt" of Shanghai is a little disquieting. There the compositors of certain Chinese newspapers, who were full of grievances, waited until all the editorial staff had gone home to bed and then slung into the main news pages columns of vituperation about their employers, who first heard of it when they opened their papers next morning. English journalism has had its own little troubles, as in the case of the day before the General Strike of 1926.

But this Shanghai episode is something new—and rather delicious. It all comes of going to bed—a habit from which good daily journalists refrain until the supplies of their paper have left the printing office. There may have been great Editors (they are human) in this country who were greatly surprised by their own news or views in the morning. But not a whole staff which had their legs pulled like this.

Mr. Winston Churchill's protest against his apparent boycott by the B.B.C. appears to be more than justified. As a statesman he would be the first to confess that he is not always right, at any rate in the sense that his wisdom is not invariably borne out by the event. But he has courage, and he has originality—two qualities not often found together, or even separately, among politicians.

A B.B.C. Boycott

The ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer has views, as we all know, on currency reform and inflation, and he has expressed those views in the House of Commons—which has heard them, it is true, with interest rather than conviction. But the great public does not always read Hansard or even the abbreviated newspaper reports, and Mr. Churchill, (who whether right or wrong is always sincere) naturally desires to put his views before a larger audience; who would certainly be as ready to listen to them as to, say, Mr. Vernon Bartlett on Geneva and Lausanne.

Why then should the excellent Mr. Bartlett (whom we take only for the purpose of illustration) be regarded as a fairly regular dish on the menu, whereas Mr. Churchill is hardly even allowed on the side-table? If the B.B.C. adopts this attitude as a matter of principle, then it would be wise to issue a list of speakers who are divided into sheep and goats, exactly as it issues lists of pronunciations, and we shall know where we are.

So also will the B.B.C. We are not accustomed in this country to put up with restrictions on free speech, or on the legitimate means of expressing it, and we are not likely to tolerate any such invasions of that right. Indeed, good Protestants who have for years made fun of the Roman Catholic Index and the "Nihil obstat" on Catholic literature will make themselves supremely ridiculous if they substitute Sir John Reith for the Pope.

The Napier will case, which was settled by agreement after two days' legal argument instead of the two or three weeks that had been expected, raised in peculiarly aggravated form the old problem of the right of a man to do what he likes with his own—even to the extent of penalising his wife and children while endowing private friends or charity. Since the heavy costs of a prolonged hearing would ultimately have come out of the sums left to charity, the Court did well to facilitate a settlement with which the aggrieved widow has declared herself fully satisfied; but the problem itself remains.

The Napier Suit

As to that, every man with any sense of justice should recognise the plain duty of leaving his family fairly provided for. But so long as men and women marry, some marriages will go wrong, and (what is less creditable to human nature) some men will vent their anger after death. The French law, which recognises this fact and compels decent provision in such cases, is frankly more to our mind than the English, which may lead either to private injustice or to a public scandal.

Sir Horace Avory is about to begin his last Assize before his retirement. The small wizened, almost old woman-ish, figure means judicial history to many. Since Lord Darling he has been Common Law personified. Three or four other retirements from the Bench may be expected in October, but the time has not yet come for these to be announced.

Judicial Retirements

The cuts in the Judges' salaries may make it difficult to replace them with men of equal calibre—at the moment the Bench is conspicuously strong—and many lawyers are pessimistic as to the future. The Judges are now definitely underpaid, and the temptation to a successful counsel to exchange the regular cheque of the Bench for the more lucrative chances of the Bar is likely to be resisted more easily than it was a year ago.

"Dublin," writes an Irish correspondent from the Eucharistic Congress, is the last and only city in Europe where all this could occur. It is the challenge, the antithesis, the antistrophe to all that Moscow stands for. The religious demonstration is complete—pathetic, gorgeous, brilliant, pitiful, glorious or superb as you wish. It is Carnival without the license.

The Eucharistic Congress

"Strange sights were seen, as though Dublin had become the scene of a Church Council like Chalcedon or Trent. Gorgeous Oriental Bishops moved through the gaping crowds. At one corner a dusky Indian Archbishop wearing a hieratic tam o' shanter was blessing a mob on their knees. At another corner the Cardinal of Paris was praying in a tenement house where some soon-to-be canonised workmen had laboured and lived unknown. And then suddenly the curtain dropped and a scene as of Augustine's City of God made way for the sordid uncertainties of Irish politics.

"Already an unwanted motif of politics had played through the scene with the extermination of

any solitary Union Jack. This was more resented by Irish than by English pilgrims. No doubt the Union Jack over Dublin Castle was once a galling sight but now that it is in its proper place amongst the flags of other nations its symbolism was significant and acceptable to all who wished to make Dublin international. But with the removal of Union Jacks Dublin ceased to be entirely international and the loss was Ireland's. It is true that the Primate Archbishop of Serbia made a heroic effort to remedy the gap by singing God Save the King! in the Mansion House: but the silly slight remains.

"What will come of it all? Is a question which Irishmen ask a little more anxiously than their visitors. Can a supreme and elaborate invocation of the God of Love by an entire populace be followed by an outburst of fratricidal hate? Can Ireland be further reached and divided by her own sons now that alien interests are as remote as the will of government can make them?

"The world has watched with interest and sympathy the oldest of the small nations throw herself upon her knees in fervid prayer. If peace is really gained for Ireland, the world will acknowledge the power of prayer, but if civil war breaks out in Ireland, a bitter cry of demoniac laughter will shake the ends of the world."

**

Some twenty years ago Lord Lilford introduced to England the little owl. The unnatural visitor began at once to abuse our hospitality, and has become a destructive pest against whom the game-keeper's hand and gun are set—with every justification. That rather pretty rat-like creature, the grey squirrel, transplanted itself from Regent's Park *urbi et orbi*.

The destructive little beast at once began a campaign against the eggs and young, not only of pheasants and partridges, but of all birds, against every grain crop a farmer grows, against our real and delightful brown squirrel which has been ousted almost completely from its own home. The hands of authority, keeper, landowner and farmer, are set justly against the grey squirrel.

Now it is the musk rat, a foreign species of vermin introduced for profit in skins. Here the injury is even more serious, since the little beast undermines railway embankments and river banks, and may be the cause of real disaster. Moreover, the work of extermination, which ministries and local authorities are undertaking, is likely to be more prolonged than successful.

Someday we shall exact a license for the introduction of strange species—as we now do, after

long delays, in the case of, say, Bolsheviks. But not till the zebra has ousted the thoroughbred and the vulture has been substituted for the carrion crow.

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Altruistic Economy

(A hundred M.P.'s have offered to serve on an Economy Committee, which, it is suggested, should work in conjunction with the Treasury.)

A hundred M.P.'s

At four hundred a year

Have agreed (it will please

The electors to hear)

To serve on a certain Committee.

They mean to advise

On what should be cut,

For they're all very wise

And most business-like, but

To me it seems rather a pity

That they don't (to commence with)

Agree to dispense with

What would even *more* please

The electors to hear,

Vis.:—a hundred M.P.'s

At four hundred a year!

W. Hodgson Burnet.

**

The statement that carbon dioxide has been identified in the atmosphere of Venus is interesting,

and possibly important; for carbon dioxide is, like water, essential to life, and both exist on our smaller sister planet. Life is therefore more likely to exist on Venus than Mars—whose low humidity suggests a water famine—though for some obscure reason the novelists and sociologists prefer Mars to Venus for their plots and experiments.

It is axiomatic among bio-chemists that where life can exist it does exist, but whether we shall ever be able to study the life that presumably exists on Venus is more than doubtful. For one thing, even if the atmosphere were clear, the telescope cannot magnify such small objects sufficiently at a distance; for another thing, the whole planet appears to be surrounded by dense cloud.

But it would seem a fair guess that in the conditions of moist steamy heat that prevail on Venus such forms of life as exist must be very much the same as those on the earth during the torrid geological periods—that is to say, the larger amphibia, like the hippopotamus, and their relatives the reptiles. Intellect is the product of colder and less apparently favourable conditions, and it is doubtful whether Venus has yet produced anything resembling the higher anthropoids.

The Wastage of Capital

By Vernon Sommerfield

SINCE the *Saturday Review* drew attention last year to the fact that capital, like all other assets, is of a wasting nature, this process of wastage has become more accentuated. The point is not so much such dissipation of capital values as has occurred in the case of the Kreuger group of companies, as that of shrinkage resulting from world wide economic causes.

Two recent instances, both typical, and both at the same time having features of special interest, may be cited; Brazil has declared a moratorium in respect of a large number of foreign loans, of which some were raised before the war, and the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway is enforcing an eighteen months' moratorium on all its issues save the first debenture stock. Add the financial plight of Chile, so largely dependent on the nitrate industry, which has been severely affected by agricultural depression; the wholesale collapse of stock and share values in the United States, which have shrunk in some cases from two hundred dollars a unit to five or four; the world wide depression in the shipping industries—which is slowly strangling shipbuilding; the sorry condition of Germany; and the almost all-round reduction of dividends declared by even the most prosperous industrial concerns; and it will be realised that the "Prosperity is just round the corner" school have not the easiest task in demonstrating the reasons for their optimism.

Starving in Plenty

There are two schools of thought on the present situation. One, whose members are in the majority, profess to regard the existing crisis as merely one of a series, perhaps quantitatively worse than previous crises, but not essentially differing from them in nature. This is the History Repeats Itself school—a doctrine that, incidentally, always disregards the lesson that the repetition is with a difference. The other school hold that the world crisis is not merely quantitatively, but qualitatively different, from those that have gone before, and that civilisation is heading for disaster unless a radical change is made in our defective methods of distribution, which make

it possible that millions of people should starve in a universe that has for the first time in history solved the problem of production for all, but where a good harvest may rank as more serious than a famine, owing to the catastrophic fall of prices which it brings in its train, thus lessening the purchasing power of the farmer and consequently diminishing in turn the amount of manufactured produce that can be consumed by the countryside.

Sinking Funds

Whichever of these opposing views one adopts—and it is impossible to reconcile them—the broad fact remains that we must abandon the doctrine that capital should be regarded as a non-wasting asset. In the last resort, capital may be conceived of as a symbol, the outward and visible sign of private credit; in the same way that a bank note is symbolical of the public credit and financial resources of the Government or bank of issue. And capital is raised in respect of properties which by their very nature are wasting assets, such as diamond mines; or which deteriorate and wear out, as in the case of buildings and machinery; or it is lent to Governments that default because they cannot or will not meet their commitments.

Where the property of an industrial undertaking consists of assets that wear out in a limited period and have to be replaced, such as ships or locomotives, provision is made under sound management for their due replacement out of profits. But the investor who regularly sets aside a part of his interest or dividends to provide a sinking fund against wastage of capital, is very much the exception. The result is to be seen in the case of the British Railways, which are again under discussion on account of their dividend announcements. It would cost far more to replace the railways than the total capital sunk in the system, but the value of a property is not what it has cost but what it will fetch, and the revenue earning capacity of the railways is so diminished that less than 1 per cent was earned last year on approximately a quarter of the entire capital.

India: The Sympathy Which Debilitates—I.

By Cornelia Sorabji

JOWETT of Balliol once said that there was a species of sympathy which was more destroying than the bluntest indifference. "You will learn the truth of that when you are older," he added, in the incisive little staccato with which his friends were familiar.

Are we not learning the truth of that now, in relation to India?

The debilitating sympathisers in America are briefed by cold weather tourists, by representatives of the Indian Congress, by young Indian students, some of whom have been out of India since infancy, by the disgruntled whether for personal or epidemic reasons, by the paid agents of mistaken or malicious principals—men who draw so largely on their imagination in stating what they call

"facts" that one is left gasping between amazement at the waste of good fiction and the realisation that there is no limit to the credulity of even the hard-headed.

Here are some of the statements to which I have listened at discussions upon India, in America.

"Let me give you a few of the facts which have roused the country . . . 20,000 individual Indians murdered by 20,000 individual Englishmen: and no notice taken by the Courts, because the Courts are British."

"Degradation forced upon a section of the oldest race in the world. You hear of Caste. The British created the Untouchables by forcing them to do sweeper's work—human beings compelled to remove human excreta."

Lies

"Why do we come, you ask, to this Country, for Education money from hand to mouth, separated from our Families, working in vacation time to earn the money for our fees at Schools and Colleges? Why, because there are no facilities whatever for Education in India: the British soon realised that educated men and women would not stand the Slavery to which we Indians are subjected in our own Country: they soon realised that India could no longer be the dumping-ground for English men and women out of employment if Indians were allowed to compete for the fat salaries offered by the Government, and wrung out of the hungry peasant. . . . When the British came to India, they destroyed our flourishing systems of Education. The world knew of that system in the days when British bodies were painted blue. In the 17th century our Pundits were famous, in France, in Germany, in Italy—every village had its school."

"Don't take my word for this, take the word of Englishmen dating back to the East India Company"—and then follow alleged quotations from Munro (of Madras) and others, including the Prime Minister and Joynson-Hicks. Needless to say, most are untraceable, and all distorted.

These professed addresses are punctuated by cries of "Shame!" from packed back benches, and lead on to an appeal to "the only people in the world who understand Freedom and who have had experience of the tyranny of the British," to help a suffering India to Liberty.

More Lies

Current events are described in terms of police torture, of blood and rapine, as if from Reuter's telegrams—with the corollary that if the strict censorship of the British has allowed these statements to come through, it can readily be imagined how much worse is suppressed. One S. N. Ghose, who justified the murder of an English Magistrate by two Bengali girls last December, by a vile and wicked lie, repeated the story at Geneva, where he occupied last February a position of trust in the Information Bureau of the League of Nations, using his position to emphasise the authority with which he was qualified to speak.

In a short article, one can do no more than indicate the kind of thing that is being said: but it will be realised how situations like the communal riots

in Bombay, for instance, are exploited and turned into accusations against the Ordinances. The Ordinances are described as "British terrorism."

"'Divide and rule' is the British motto. In Family Quarrels we know how the Outsider can inflame hatred," say the Revolutionaries: and they proceed to cite the response of the British to the appeal of Indians to settle the Communal question which holds up the framing of a Constitution—as one instance of "interference" with what should be left to Indians themselves. And yet, with blatant inconsistency, these same Revolutionaries forthwith induce their American and English sympathisers to organise "interference" (unsolicited, except by themselves) upon a large scale, in the entire Indian situation.

They are extraordinarily clever, in carrying out Porson's rule when painting a villain—"Say enough to justify himself to himself." They will take an incident, whether accident or otherwise, and build upon it. The defence cannot deny the incident, the grain of truth which underlies the statement—and there you are! One instance of this is the railway accident which occurred as long ago as 1929. This is doing valiant duty still; and I have met it not only in America but in Vienna.

And still more Lies

A train was wrecked just outside Calcutta. It was an employees' train, and carried mostly third class Indian passengers. The wreckage was dreadful: but the English and Indian business and professional men occupying the first and second class carriages in the rear were unhurt, and, together with the railway officials rendered first aid, and did all that could be done till relief came. An Indian paper, describing the accident through "an eye witness," spoke of the Englishmen going from Indian to Indian there, as he lay pinned beneath the wreckage or struggling to extricate himself—and knocking him dead with a hammer!

The railway concerned brought an action against the newspaper: the lies were exposed, and the persons responsible for publication duly punished. The enormity of the tale was emphasised by the fact that there is evidence that the accident was engineered by Extremists, in the belief that the train in question carried English "barra Sahibs" to town. But all that is ignored.

"Can my opponent deny the accident to the train?" will yell the Extremist. . . .

It is so wearisomely reminiscent of the art of cross-examination as practised in some Indian Courts.

"Answer me 'Yes' or 'No,' have you stopped beating your father?" (A question which has no reference whatever to the case under trial.)

"I have no father, and when I had—"

"Don't prevaricate: and do not make a speech. Answer 'Yes' or 'No'—" *Have you stopped beating your father?*" . . .

There are situations like these which wear to shreds the patience of any ordinary Lecturer on the Debating Platforms of America, when an Indian Extremist is the opponent.

(The concluding article will appear next week).

THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT

Town or Country Life ?

TOWN, by DAVID OCKHAM.

IN this controversy, it is essential to distinguish between the theoretical and the actual. In theory, the arguments for a country life are strong enough; against the noise, crowding, bustle, hard pavements, blaring loud speakers, and herding together of humanity in shops, restaurants and public conveyances characteristic of the town, are to be set the quiet and beauty of the countryside. But that quiet and beauty are largely vanishing, especially in England, where we seem to take pains to destroy what is specially worth preserving, even if a few people can always be found to deplore vandalism after the event. And conceive the rural scene in the era of cheaply produced motor cars. Unending streams of these vehicles, and of motor cycles, motor lorries and motor coaches have converted our leafy lanes into dusty race tracks; hedgerows, whose growth has taken centuries, are destroyed overnight, so that vulgarians may proceed more swiftly from London to Brighton; and the design of our new village dwellings is of a mean and sordid hideousness that should make an honest man blush to call himself architect.

You may object that these innovations are mere excrescences, a superficial outcrop on the face of Nature. But, even if that were true, and I do not admit it, you cannot divorce a place from its people, and it is not without reason that the word urbane originally signified a dweller in cities. And urbanity spells civilisation. In cities you can live, as I have in London, for half a dozen years without knowing even the name of your next door neighbour, but the fierce light that beats upon a throne is a rushlight to the publicity of the village, where every resident is a public character, and every public character the daily target of venom and malignance. Not that the morals of the villager are so elevated—belief in rural innocence is one of the world's great superstitions—but, however much he may condone in himself, he has the nose of a ferret to sniff out the derelictions of others, and the imagination of a Yellow Press sub-editor for the invention of his neighbour's vices.

Save through the media of wireless and the Stunt Press—the one colourless and the other an engine of suppression and distortion—the countryman is without intellectual resources. He has no libraries, no bookshops, no picture galleries, no museums, no theatres. His "village institutions" combine spurious uplift with dullness, with gossip grafted on both. I give you the village pub, which still has its merits as a place of social intercourse, but the beer is generally bad and the innkeeper invariably a profiteer. As for the country hotel, its specialities are costliness, inefficient and disobliging service, the spoiling of good food, and the serving up of the canned products of California in districts famous for their fruit and vegetables.

COUNTRY, by FRANK A. CLEMENT.

THE country as an abiding place needs no defence, but it demands an explanation, for we are continually faced by a stream of countrymen pouring to the town and by a smaller stream of townsmen flowing to the country, and they have their reasons. There are, of course, economic pressures to be considered, but deep down there are mental and spiritual urges even more imperative. The country is not for all all the time, but for those who find it completely satisfying, its satisfactions cannot be equalled elsewhere, for there are many countries, and all are infinitely various.

There is Nimrod's country and White of Selborne's and Lord Grey of Falloden's; there is the country of the gun, the rod and the horse, of the gardener and the agriculturalist, of the naturalist and the mere nature lover, who is happiest when in touch with the earth and with those who have always lived close to it. There is one thing about the country to those who love it, it is never dull—provided one is capable of enjoying oneself.

What does the townsman know of the Seasons, as White records them? About as much as Timothy the tortoise. To the real lover of the country the ever changing face of his world is a perpetual delight. Sunshine after rain when the Spring is burgeoning, the glitter of the westerling sun in Autumn, the gay scent of new-mown hay, the sweet acrid scent of burning leaves, the homely scent of newly turned earth, the lowing of cattle, the scattering and squealing of little pigs discovering acorns in a lane. Sights and sounds and odours never to be forgotten, or recalled by the countryman in town with regret.

The folk and their lore, passing, unhappily, into just people and their ways, yet lingering as is their habit, are a perpetual delight, and the burr or zoom or rising scale of their speech gives weight or point to their rustic wisdom. And the folk, like the scenes against which they play their parts, are infinitely various in their attitudes and moods. Some distrustful of "foreigners" who live the other side of little hills; others welcoming the stranger within their gates; but all worth winning if you know the way, and the lover of the country soon learns.

This is the world in which one lives, in which one's whole being becomes saturated; but other things are added. Books and friends and talk by firesides in winter, can be savoured in the country as they can never be in town; for where distances are greater and horizons are far the human touch grips strongly and firmly, and friendship is warm and steadfast. On the other hand, one becomes provincial, you think? On the contrary, one becomes universal. Philosophies rise and pass into limbo . . . politics rage and are forgotten, but seedtime and harvest go on for ever, and the true countryman, in tune with his environment, partakes of its immortality.

The Beauty of Flogging

By The Saturday Reviewer

A CASE of peculiar and brutish ferocity to a dog came before the magistrates during the week and it has led, not only to the obvious sort of comment but to the obvious intervention by questions in the House of Commons.

The facts were simple. One, Frederick Kay, of Hayburn Way, Hornchurch, was sentenced at Romford to six weeks' hard labour for causing unnecessary suffering to a dog by killing it unreasonably. The "unreasonableness" was on this wise. Mr. Kay was angry with his dog—"a pal, a great pet, and obedient unto death," to use his own words—because, as he was coming back from Divine Service (a delicious addition to the evidence) it jumped up at him, being perhaps so deluded as to love him, and made him stumble. So early next morning he began to slaughter the dog by beating it over the head with an axe, after tying it to a post. The rope broke before the dog was dead, but the poor beast came back when its master called. Then the slaughter was finished. Mr. Kay also admitted that he had killed six dogs in the same way in the last twenty years.

Almost certainly one wastes words in the expression of indignation—firstly because almost all people will agree as to the brutality of the conduct and secondly because the contemptible person concerned is likely already to believe himself a sort of martyr. Accusations of hypocrisy will merely confirm the narrow-mindedness of his religious views and his mental state will be that of the Jew in the story. This Jew, a tramp, was eating a ham sandwich under a hedge when a violent thunderstorm came up, drenched him, and frightened him. When it was over he lifted an indignant voice to Heaven and cried, "Good Lord, to think there should be all that fuss about a little piece of bacon!" Mr. Kay is not likely to acknowledge his dog as his neighbour.

Waste of Anger

Others, however, to whom their dogs are their neighbours and very often only less their gods than they are the gods of their dogs, find some relief in saying what they feel. To beat a dog is almost always a mistake. Some form of chastisement other than by reproof may be necessary in training a gun dog or in teaching cleanliness to a companion of the house. But who could dream of whipping a Pekinese or a St. Bernard? In one case you would get either a sobbing, cowering little creature with a rolling, frightened eye and ears laid back, or a mutinous object of startled and embittered dignity. In the other you would get either dangerous enmity or complete indifference. In neither case would any good result follow.

So it is with most applications of the whip, while beatings with hot ill-temper in the hand that wields the whip will, if they do not actually injure the dog, leave a horrid remorse for later years. In theory none of us should own a dog who are not ourselves under perfect control—very few of us, that is to say. In practice we shall use whips, and live to regret them.

A Liberal Education

Yes, but the idea of doing what Mr. Kay did, or anything the least like it, makes our blood run cold. When we read a case like this one and go home to be met by our own dog, we are overwhelmed by a compassionate tenderness for all the race of dogs and by a raging fury against those who use them spitefully. That is, at all events, quite good for us—almost as good for us as the cane or the birch were good for us in youth. Small children are one thing and, in these matters, on the footing of animals. Boys are another, and the supreme advantage of a "liberal education" seems to me to lie in chastisement. I learned at a public school less of everything than I might have learned in Council schools. But, thank Heaven, the Headmaster and my fagmaster knew that my parents would not prosecute them for beating me, even if I were so impervious to the spirit of the place as to complain about it seriously.

All this, however, is digressive. We are agreed on the iniquity of Mr. Kay. Now what can be said about it? The idea of withholding from him and all such any further grant of a dog license seems to me silly. To be effective such a remedy would mean more bureaucracy, more inquiries, more inspectors. Which is unthinkable. But what about the cat, the cat-o'-nine-tails?

If the law enabled us—better still, if the law compelled our magistrates and judges to order a sound flogging for all brutes, how much more easily might life run. Your brute, dog-torturer, wife-beater, motor bandit, bag-snatcher, mean thief, blackmailer, hates being hurt. So do we all.

If it be argued that a flogging degrades the human soul or that some of these brutes may be the helpless victims of Sadism or complexes which are purely pathological, I should refuse to listen. These sort of arguments are just bunkum. If we used the common sense we have and could find a Government to govern, senseless cruelties—and many other ills—would be greatly diminished among us.

Beat a dog hardly ever; beat a boy rather than give him "impots," flog the brute every time.

A Symphony of Margaux

By André L. Simon.

THE pessimist is wont to grumble that great wine in England is a thing of the past.

Yet one may wonder whether it was ever possible to enjoy in this country greater wines than those which some fortunate people are able to set before their guests. Such wines are very rare, but their very rareness makes them the more appreciated. The other night Mr. C. W. Berry set before a party of connoisseurs a poem in Château Margaux, which deserves to be historic. Even in Bordeaux such a combination of great wines is very rarely seen.

The first wine, a 1928 Chablis, was very clean, dry and excellent as an opening to such a feast, its bouquet not being in the least assertive.

A Margaux 1905 was simply delightful; fresh, sweet and charming: a girl of fifteen who is already a great artist, coming in on tiptoes and curtsying herself away with childish grace and laughing blue eyes. She probably never will be a *grande dame* and may live long enough to be a sour old hag, but what does it matter to us today? I would not give such a wine a chance to get any older, had I the good fortune of calling any of it my own.

The Margaux 1911 that followed was a better and yet—to me—a less attractive wine. Better because it was fuller, with more bouquet as well as more body; still holding its fruit although somewhat harsh at the finish: a full-throated tenor with a splendid voice, but hard, callous eyes, admirable but not lovable in their self-assurance. I believe that this wine is at its best and will soon show its tannin and lose its fruit.

Then came a Margaux 1899, also a wine at the top of its form, and its form a markedly higher one than that of the 1911's. There was in both plenty of sunshine and richness, but the 1899 was better tuned up, more perfectly balanced. It was without a jarring note to mar its harmony. The full-throated tenor of 1911, after he has fallen in love and found his soul.

A Margaux 1875 was perfection, the crown of the feast, the most glorious sunset that ever fired the West! Its bouquet clean, sweet, searching and wholly admirable. A *grande dame* still full of life and grace. A great lady.

Finally, a Margaux of 1870 could rightly be called a great gentleman; still upstanding, the eye keen, the nose aggressive, the lips full and red. A great aristocrat of a generation now all but gone, it was still quite sound, its colour perfect, its bouquet splendid, its body fuller and harder than that of the 1875, which, to my mind, is by far the more lovable of the two.

An 1820 Madeira was a very beautiful specimen indeed, but it did not come in for the full measure of appreciation it was entitled to after the Clarets that preceded.

The 1858 Brandy was perfect—fragrant, intensely as well as delightfully dry.

Altogether a really remarkable selection of wines, admirably set off by excellently chosen, cooked and served food.

What is Milk?

SIR,—In reply to the Bishop of Norwich, there is no definition of milk on the Statute Book, but the essence of English law for the sale of milk is that it shall be genuine, that is, as it comes from the cow. The Federal standard of the United States provides that it must contain not less than 8.5 per cent non-fat solids and 3.25 per cent. of milk fat.

There are four grades of milk: (i) Certified; (ii) Grade A tuberculin tested; (iii) Grade A; (iv) Ungraded milk. It seems absurd that there should be more grades above Grade A than below it, and to the layman it seems strange that Grade A tuberculin tested may contain 200,000 bacilli to the cubic centimetre or a hundred million to the tumbler.

One vital point which is not considered in these grades is the food-value of the milk, which differs very widely. The Government standard is a fat percentage of 3 per cent., while most milk averages about 3.75 per cent. of milk fat. Milk from Guernsey and Jersey cows shows 5 per cent. of milk fat, with other solids similarly higher, though not in the same proportion. The consumer would be getting more for his money if he paid twopence a quart more for Guernsey and Jersey milk than for ordinary milk.

The public wants guarantees that its milk is bacteriologically and chemically pure, but as it is impossible in practice to produce milk that is absolutely free of bacteria, certain grades are necessary. I should suggest the following five grades: Grade A with 5 per cent. of milk fat, Grade A with 4 per cent., Grade A with 3 per cent., pasteurised, sterilised or treated milk, and unclassified milk. Grade A generally should be a compromise between the present Certified and Grade A tuberculin tested, with an additional charge of one penny per quart for each additional one per cent. of fat over 3 per cent.

Pasteurisation and sterilisation make milk less harmful, but reduce its efficiency since they destroy the vitamins; they do not kill the putrefactive bacilli, but destroy those that keep a check on them.

These grades can be provided by the farmer if the public is prepared to pay the proper prices. It costs more to produce clean milk because of the greater care required. Utensils have to be sterilised, cows washed and brushed, and cow-sheds specially constructed.

It also costs more to produce milk of the highest feeding value. The initial outlay is greater. The animals are smaller and require more food proportionately.

Given the price, the English farmer can produce the milk needed. It remains for the distributor and consumer to see that it is not contaminated.

L. C. TRUMPER, B.Sc. (Agric.).

Devises.

The Samurai and His Swords

By David L. Blumenfeld

THE Swords of the Samurai!

What a picture those five words conjure up in the minds of those few who have learned to appreciate what are undoubtedly the finest blades in all the world. I say few, because the Japanese sword has come in for no real recognition among European collectors and sword enthusiasts. Where the poet has sung of the rapiers of Toledo and Solingen, or the sabres of Damascus, a silence reigns over the wonders of the *Katana* and *Wakisashi*—the long and short swords which every member of the Samurai—or military class—wore in his girdle.

True, back in the Han and Sung dynasties, Chinese verse makers paid tribute to the wonders of the Samurai blades; in Japan a thousand thousand poets testified to the wonders of the *Katana*, to its razor edge, its brilliant curves, its balance, its superb lines, its marvellous forging, and the veneration paid to it; yet in Europe there is practically no literature available on the Japanese sword at all save in the case of a few papers written for the Japan Society by Gilberston, Joly, Dobrée, and Huish, who made the Samurai blade a life study.

Looked on as a cutting weapon, the Japanese blade has been pronounced perfect by the most modern metallurgists. It had to be, for every Samurai was in duty bound to carry in his girdle a sword capable of cutting a man's head at a blow, leaving, if skilfully executed, a thread of skin to allow the chin to fall forward on the breast; his short sword too, must be keen and sharp, for he never knew when he might not be called on to perform the ritual of the *hara-kiri*—that is suicide by disembowelment—and in emergency cases when the nine and a half inch *kusungobu*—the *hara-kiri* dagger—was not available, the *wakisashi* was called on to make the fatal incision in the belly.

Values of a Sword

These tests, officially carried out by experts at the command of the Shogun, served to place a value on swords, and with this office of *Tameshigiri* or testing was bracketed that of official sword judging and certifying, and to possess a blade signed by one of the great masters of forging like *Masamune*, *Muramasa*, or *Yoshimitsu*, with such a certificate of its genuineness was the hope of every Samurai. Testing was not always carried out on dead bodies. The *Honcho Gunkiko*, written in the seventeenth century by a learned Japanese, tells how to catch a live man and cut him in *Kesa* style, that is from shoulder to nipple; the old books on swords, too, have many a tale to tell of Samurai trying out their blades on beggars sleeping by the roadside, and

once, when a robber was condemned to be cut alive by the Daimyo of Shoami he is said to have jeered at his executioner as he rolled back his sleeves preparatory to the fatal blow, saying "If I had known that I was to be cut through alive, I should have swallowed two large stones to spoil your sword!"

Japanese sword lore has a thousand such tales. It teems with them. There are stories of the blades of *Muramasa*, that genius but crazy pupil of *Masamune*, whose weapons were a living wonder and a sudden death, being forged at dead of night with blood instead of water for cooling the trenchant edge; whether they be true or not, it is known that few Samurai dare gird on a *Muramasa* blade, for these weapons hungered for blood, and once drawn from their scabbards might not be replaced without their crimson draught. They hypnotised their owners so that a black evil seized them and without knowing what they did they drew them flashing from their scabbards of brilliant lacquer and went a murdering.

Symbol of Purity

Other blades are lucky, in particular those forged in the thirteenth century by *Toshiro Yoshimitsu*, others again bore Buddhistic carvings and Sanskrit inscriptions on their mirror-like surfaces, still others were heirlooms of the great Samurai families handed down from father to son, or given by prince to lordling; above all things, the Samurai sword was the faithful weapon with which a gentleman might bid farewell to life—either clad in steel lacquered armour on the field of battle, or on the white *tatami* mats of a ceremonial *hara-kiri*. And it was a sword, short, so that she might carry it in the folds of her kimono, that a Samurai father gave his daughter on the eve of her wedding; symbol of purity—a faultless blade, which, some held, was the soul of the Samurai.

Eleven thousand names of swordsmiths have come down to us from feudal Japan; to-day, the expert may study their blades, holding them so that the light falls from over the shoulder, reading from the polished curves and planes the schools and canons for which they worked.

To deal with the forging, filing, polishing and mounting of a blade requires a tome; it is only possible here to hint at the process, to mention the smithy, purified and hung with protective emblems, reeking with incense; with the smith, dressed in his ceremonial robes—for sword making was a religious rite—hammering the iron and steel to that perfection which is the *Katana*—the sword and the soul of the Samurai.

Class in Games—I.

By John Pollock

(Author of "Listening to Lacoste")

ONCE more Wimbledon has gone. It passes to-day and leaves newly crowned kings and queens of the centre court. Form has been maintained, upset, revealed. Therein lies the fascination of all games to the spectator, and most of all the fascination of lawn tennis, for, let alone its natural beauty, this is the game where triumphs and reverses are the swiftest, most individual, and most surprising. For three years running now Cochet, whom none deny to be the deadliest player in the world to-day, has disappointed at Wimbledon, beaten on two occasions at least by men definitely of a lower class to himself. Mr. Wallis Myers, in his latest book, ranks Cochet as the third best player in his long experience, naming the two first as H. L. Doherty and Tilden. I will be so hardy as to dissent from this redoubtable authority and place Cochet second. When Cochet trounced Tilden for the last time that great player was as perfect, as complete, as severe, as active, as anyone had ever seen him, yet trounced he was. And Cochet has thrice running tasted defeat where twice he was champion. On those days his form was out.

Vagaries of Form

Form in all games depends on a great variety of causes. It may be affected from day to day or year to year. A man's liver, extraneous worries, an excess of moodiness, some vagary of blood pressure, infinitesimal stiffness caused by the unsuspected draught, the better or worse working of the glands and nerves, that make or afflict human frailty, lack of rest, change of temperature during a tournament or a match: any of these may prevent a man on a particular day, or in a week or season, from touching his true form. There is, too, the element of luck, the mere accident, as when Floquet, an obscure journalist, wounded in the throat General Boulanger, one of the finest swordsmen in France, in their historic duel. Many a first-rate batsman has been bowled first ball.

Class is quite another thing from form. Class never leaves a man. Once attained it is his second birthright. A first-class player may be clean out of form for long together; yet his class remains and is unmistakable. Colonel Kingscote, who once pushed Patterson hard in the final at Wimbledon, playing in the veterans' contest in Paris this year, showed that his impeccable length of old had grown somewhat short; but his play was still of the highest class. What is it then that differentiates class from class, and lifts a man from the second into the first, or from the first class into the sacred closely circumscribed ring of real champions? What changes a man from, say, an A 1 University player into a Hobbs or a Ranji, an Adrian Stoop or a G. O. Smith?

It is easy to say in general terms that this added touch of quality comes from the possession of a

more perfect or trained eye than nature has given to other men, to a more excellent degree of co-ordination between the muscles, or to some specially applied turn of strength. This is obvious, and striking examples are close at hand. Thus Patterson's supremacy at lawn tennis was patently due to the unequalled strength of his service, and it is visible that Cochet sees a fraction—an infinitesimal fraction—of a second quicker than other men. But this really gets us very little further: it is a platitude.

Two common beliefs as to supreme excellence at games may be pilloried as errors. It is frequently held that to rise to the highest class it is necessary to be possessed of an extremely developed aggressive quality, and that another essential is extreme force. That a man must have both qualities in reserve is doubtless true, but it is certain that attainment to the highest class does not in the main depend on either. And here the spectator may be deceived. One of the greatest of lawn tennis players has told me that Tilden, who both beat and was beaten by him, did not, when you played against him, give you the impression of special aggressiveness: the grand appearance of a whirlwind attack that so much impressed all observers in reality covered a marvellously complete system of defence. Tilden, while seeming all the time to attack, in reality forced you to do so, and it was his defence that won—until indeed it met its match in the attack of Lacoste and Cochet.

A Great Swordsman

To take an example from another sport. The late Mr. E. M. Amphlett, "Peter" to his friends, and editor of all the *Times Supplements* save the Literary, was one of the best fencers in this country in the last thirty years. He had fenced with Lucien Gaudin, the French Champion, who for some years after the war was admitted to be *hors concours*. Now, Amphlett was capable of giving a good fight to almost any living swordsman, yet he told me that against Gaudin he was helpless. In this he was not alone, for J. B. Mimiague, *maître d'armes* at the London Fencing Club, and named by a very good judge as one of the three best professional fencers within memory, refused to meet Gaudin at a public assault without undergoing special preparation, saying that Gaudin would hit him nine times out of twelve. The point, however, of the example is in Amphlett's saying that Gaudin did not seem specially fast: you could see his attack from its beginning till the button landed on your jacket, but so perfectly was it executed that you could do nothing to prevent it. To the spectator, moreover, Gaudin never seemed to display particular energy or effort, nor the whirlwind velocity of the great Italian, Aldo Nadi. But at their one meeting Gaudin decisively defeated Nadi.

Jerusalem To-Day

From a Correspondent

IT was very beautiful driving through the open, hilly country of Palestine in the early morning light, with the sun striking level across the cornfields. As far as Nazareth we knew the road, and then we branched off from it, going almost due south to Jerusalem. It is a longish drive, about 115 miles, and as we neared the end of our journey the country became more and more barren and stony, rising with endless twists of the road to a great rocky plateau, with Jerusalem white and stony in the midst, swept by a cold wind.

We entered the city about 8.15, and went straight to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to see the ceremony of the Holy Fire, getting into our places about 10, though nothing was due to happen until 1 p.m. This early arrival is necessitated by the enormous crowds, and, although we had special tickets of admission, the gallery to which we had to go was so full that even at that early hour we were standing packed close—there was no seating accommodation.

This church is one of the most amazing places I have ever seen. It is approached, as is any place inside the city walls, by narrow crooked streets, and covered ways, unable to take anything but foot traffic. Down a flight of steps, lined by indescribably awful cripples, one comes to a small courtyard, at the farther side of which is the entrance to the church, which from the outside has little to distinguish it from the other high buildings around, which so hem it in that it is impossible to get any one view of the building as a whole. Inside it is a bewildering place, having no regular formation of nave, aisles and chancel, but being a series of chapels, shrines and high altars jumbled together anyhow, and having mixed among them the chapels of other denominations such as the Greek Catholics, Armenians, Copts, etc.

The whole place is built over with galleries, with curious staircases in odd corners, and with little peep-holes, passages behind rood screens, and ways in the thickness of the walls, till it is altogether bewildering, and the effect from an architectural point of view is a complete jumble. Not an inch of this amazing building is left undecorated, but everywhere there are carved screens, images, lamps, paintings, and ornaments of all sorts. These are an extraordinary mixture, some of them being very costly and beautifully worked, the lamps, etc., of solid gold and silver.

Amongst them are the most tawdry things of china and glass, of poor design and glaring colouring. Nothing is very well cared for in spite of much splendour, for there is dust everywhere and the plaster peels unheeded off the walls in damp places, and candlesticks and holders, which are innumerable, are clogged and coated with old wax. Some of the pictures on the walls are just squares

of torn canvas—the figures have long since faded from them, the frames are broken, and the material is torn to ribbons.

The candles about the place must amount to thousands, and so must the lamps. They are of all sizes, and are hung in festoons like the decorations on a Christmas tree—in fact, they also have festoons of the coloured glass balls that we use on Christmas trees. The lamps are not necessarily before an altar or an image, but in the roof, along the walls, just anywhere, and often so high they are seldom lit—none were that day in spite of it being a high festival. The shrine of the Holy Sepulchre itself—Heaven knows if it is the actual spot or not—is vaguely Russian in appearance, and very splendid and magnificent, but so covered with candles and rather ugly china oil containers that it resembles a gigantic Christmas cake. Here, again, no one troubles to light all the candles at once in an orderly manner, and many are left guttered down and burnt out, a fresh one just being stuck in the old wax.

All round it the Rotunda resembles Covent Garden Opera House more than anything else I can think of—tiers and tiers of regular "boxes" from which to view the ceremony. Our places were in a narrow gallery, and, though the screen before the shrine rather hid our view of what went on, we had a magnificent view of the procession to and from it, and also of all the people coming in. This great building was simply thronged with them. The people were a most varied crowd—monks, nuns, priests of all sorts, peasant people in pretty local costume, men and women in European clothes, Mohammedans, Russians and Armenians, Greeks, Copts—every kind you could imagine except Jews. (There is a law by which any Jew entering the Holy Sepulchre may be killed—whether he would be or not, I don't know, but certainly there were none there.) And among all this throng of people, all standing and moving, for there were no seats, were many police, over 200 I should say, for this Christian festival is liable to become such a heathen riot that there is danger to life and limb of all concerned, and, of course, once trouble starts in the church it spreads to the town.

There were only two minor excitements during our three hours wait for things to begin. These were occasions when Mohammedan bands, closely ranked and shouting slogans, forced their way into the packed building. They carried men on their shoulders, brandishing swords—whether they meant trouble or not I don't know—they certainly forced their way through the police almost up to the shrine itself, where they were finally checked. The police were wonderful—quiet, efficient, unhurried, they forced these yelling bands out, with no violence and no noise on their part, the whole

crowd swaying like a sea before them. It was wonderful to watch from above, where we got a perfect view of everyone's movements.

At 12 a huge and most beautifully toned bell began to toll—it was the deepest note I have ever heard, and vibrated through the whole building. For the next hour there was a feeling of suppressed excitement and a coming and going of priests of all sorts and kinds, and people hurrying about with banners and crosses, with the great bell booming through the noise and the tumult at the time. Then came the procession of priests through the Church to the shrine—another extraordinary example of contrasts, for the priests were venerable and stately old men clad in beautiful gold and white vestments, the Patriarch having a priceless jewelled crown on his head.

But the men who accompanied them to carry banners and crosses were in their shirt sleeves, or European clothes, or oddments of vestments, and the banners were old and shabby, and of the varnished canvas variety that one sees as wall pictures in schools. This strange procession, with its half hearted chanting in which the congregation took no part, went three times round the Holy Sepulchre, and then the Head Patriarch entered it.

This is where the miracle is supposed to happen—fire is miraculously sent from heaven at which the priest lights his torch, and then the light is passed on to the people. I suppose that the whole show is one of the biggest yearly hoaxes that is ever carried out—the idea of anything miraculous or spiritual happening in such an atmosphere is impossible, and the amusing part is that the miracle from time immemorial has happened at midnight, but was ordered by the government to be altered to noon for political reasons, with which order it obediently complied.

When the poor old man came out with his two lit torches held above his head, he was immediately mobbed, and there broke out a perfect pandemonium of shrieks and yells and clapping, and a clanging of bells and gongs of all sorts. The crowd rushed at him, each man pushing and cursing his neighbour in his efforts to get his bunch of candles lit from the priest's torch. He was an old man, and he was seized by four huge British police and literally shoved through the crowd—without their very rough and forceful assistance, he would undoubtedly have been knocked down and trampled on. It was the most undignified proceeding I have ever seen in a church, and from our point of view as a religious ceremony it was terrible.

Regarded purely as a spectacular event it was wonderful—the whole place was suddenly a blaze of light, and we looked down on a swaying sea of fire. It was an indescribable scene, and all this light on the gold and the gilt and the silver was unbelievably beautiful—it changed from an over-decorated building of indifferent taste to a palace of gold and flame, where the carved and painted saints and angels seemed to move in the uncertain glare.

SHORT STORY

Assignation By Peter Traill

MR. RUFFIELD took a great deal of trouble with his appearance upon the Wednesday morning, and it was a good thing for him that his wife was out, because as there was no long glass in his dressing room he was continually running to the one in her bedroom to discover how his clothes were behaving themselves. Normally at a quarter past twelve his wife would have been titivating herself for lunch, and (in the first place) Mr. Ruffield would not have dared to have approached her mirror, and in the second would not have had any success if he had.

Matters, however, on this particular morning had shaped themselves very well, because his wife had gone golfing—a form of exercise which she took now and again when there was no wind, no sun, no heat, no cold and no damp—and her husband had had the run of her bedroom to himself; a very important concession when he wanted to make himself look as well as possible. To do him justice he rarely did want to take as much trouble as he was doing, and, as he retied his tie for the second time, he was uncertain why he was being so meticulously careful. Still, after all, he had not seen Rita for a number of years, and she had always been so particular how he looked that he felt that he must not give her any chance to make disparaging remarks.

It was over at last, and he looked at himself in the long glass before finally going out. A tall, thin person gazed back at him with steady grey eyes over which black eyebrows met in a nest of hairs in the middle of his nose. It was a short, sharp nose and a short, sharp chin, but the rounded cheeks showed a disposition not to take life too seriously, and a closely trimmed black moustache leant his face a youthful air.

They had met again (by chance), after a long separation, and on the spur of the moment Ruffield had asked her to lunch with him. Why, he didn't quite know, but there it was, and as he hadn't any idea where she was living now it had been impossible for him to obey the commands of his second thoughts and put her off. Besides, with his wife, June, safely out of the way he told himself that he really would like to talk to Rita again. It was going to be a difficult interview and he knew from past experience how women enjoyed difficult interviews; they seemed to thrive in situations which to a man were only embarrassing; and if no embarrassments were forthcoming they didn't take long before they introduced some.

As he walked along, he thought of the chance encounter of the previous day; certainly Rita had looked very well. She had been very neatly turned out and he got some satisfaction from the fact that she was really using his money to advantage—for it was his money. He allowed her, perhaps allowed was hardly the right word, but

it was one which Ruffield used to himself, a thousand a year and there was no doubt that Rita was not permitting herself to go to seed on that. He wondered what his wife would do with a similar amount, but he didn't pursue the train of thought very far.

At precisely one o'clock he arrived at the Berkeley grill, which was when and where he had arranged to meet her. To his annoyance, she was late, and that was odd to him, because Rita had always been such a punctual person. He remembered that one of the things which had exasperated him in the old days was that very punctuality of her's. It was a virtue where strangers were concerned, but with intimate friends apt to become a vice. Since they were strangers now, he felt a sense of wrong and paradoxically, since he had once known her so well, he ordered himself a glass of sherry without waiting upon her tardiness. He had hardly sipped his drink before she appeared.

"I see you still drink sherry," she said. "I prefer a martini these days." Ruffield thought that he detected a certain superiority in her attitude, and, resenting it, gave his order to the waiter brusquely. "And you are looking smart," Rita continued. "Yesterday I thought that you were a bit moth-eaten. I hope that June is not neglecting you?" Ruffield eyed the dainty leg, which, crossed over the other, flaunted a silk stocking under his nose. "Rita always had damned nice legs," he was thinking to himself.

"June is a treasure," he said aloud. Rita looked at him cheerfully from under a saucy hat. She had come prepared to be cheerful, and it was already plain to Ruffield that she was not going to be balked.

"You always were a lucky man," she said. "And how's your new house? It sounded like a barn to me after our flat."

"It's bigger, of course," Ruffield replied, portentously.

"When we had the flat I remember you always said that you could never be bothered with a house and servants. I suppose you find things a nuisance."

"June is very capable."

"I must say, when I knew her, I found her the opposite," Rita answered.

"Oh, she manages," Ruffield said airily. Rita's nose wrinkled a little, and she seemed about to laugh.

"And how you hate being managed," she retorted, sipping her martini.

"You may have thought so," Ruffield said curtly, and, not liking the trend of the conversation, rose precipitately to take her into lunch. They spent a long time ordering their food, and Ruffield thought that Rita had grown very particular.

"You're a bit of a trouble to feed these days," he remarked.

"You should worry; how do you think I look?" Ruffield studied her all over again, from her smooth brow to her slender neck.

"Pretty well; there was never much wrong with your looks."

"Thank you. Got any children yet?" Ruffield frowned and looked away from her.

"No," he said.

"But I thought that you married June to get some kids."

"We changed our minds," he answered abruptly.

"Poor dear," Rita sympathised with him, and Ruffield gave her a glance full of exasperation.

"I wish you wouldn't look so damned sorry for me," he said. "I'm perfectly happy, never been so happy in my life. Until I married June, I didn't know what happiness meant."

"Of course, you didn't, my love; and until you went away I didn't know what freedom meant." Ruffield tapped the table impatiently.

"Don't talk nonsense to me. I never interfered with your actions. You could always do exactly as you liked."

"I dare say, but I tried to do exactly as you liked; however, now I please myself." They continued their lunch in silence for a moment or two, and Ruffield, for some reason which he could not quite understand, felt that Rita was having a much better life than he was.

"I suppose you are perfectly happy," he said, voicing his thoughts.

"Tremendously, and your money is so useful," Rita answered. "I never thought that you'd settle so much on me."

"I hate scenes," he said, excusing his generosity.

"How long are you in town for?" Ruffield asked her, after a moment or two.

"Oh, I'm only passing through. As a matter of fact, I am off to Palm Beach next week." Ruffield stopped eating in astonishment.

"How on earth do you manage that? It's a terribly expensive spot."

"Yes, you always used to say that; I remember when I tried to persuade you to take me out there; but with the settlement I can do a lot of things by myself that we could not afford to do together."

"That's more than I can," Ruffield said truthfully.

"Poor dear, you have a very hard life, I'm afraid," Rita sympathised with him again. They lingered over their coffee, and Rita commiserated with him over everything, until Ruffield began to think that he was the most miserable being on the face on the earth.

"It's been jolly seeing you again," he said.

"That's awfully nice of you to say that," Rita replied, holding out her hand. "I'm worried that things are not going better for you." Ruffield did not argue with her; when he thought of Palm Beach, he agreed with her. "I don't think I should tell June that you have seen me," she continued.

"Oh, I don't know," Ruffield demurred. "It might stick her up a bit."

"There'll be a scene," Rita warned him, "and you know how you hate scenes."

"How well you understand me!"

"A man's first wife ought to," Rita answered, and, flashing him a brilliant smile, she slipped through the swing doors.

THE THEATRE OF THE WEEK

Fanfare. A Review. Prince Edward Theatre.

I AM glad that "Fanfare" is continuing at the Prince Edward Theatre. It would be absurd to pretend that it could not be improved—for instance, by providing Miss Violet Loraine with a first-rate male comedian to work with. But even as things are, it is as good an after-dinner entertainment as even the most dyspeptic playgoer could wish for. Why, then, has it been within an ace of failure? I think the answer is simply that it had a most unfortunate first-night. All first-nights are a source of irritation to the sober-minded critic, who finds himself surrounded by people, most of whom are obviously hysterical. And when, as appears to have been the case with "Fanfare," the bulk of the audience is in a state bordering on emotional insanity, simply because two well-known artists, lately in retirement, are returning to the stage—well, anything may happen; and what seems to have happened at the Prince Edward Theatre convinces me of my extraordinary good fortune in being a second-night critic. On the second night we welcomed back Miss Violet Loraine with a warmth that had nothing to do with first-night exhibitionism; and we applauded June for her dancing, which was exquisite, instead of for her journalism, which is not. Our delight in that peculiarly stupid song, "If you were the only girl in the world," was mild, apparently, compared with the enthusiasm of the previous evening; but it was also (I hereby warn the management) much greater than it probably will be in a week or two. And we were able to appraise Mr. Joe Cook as a comedian, unprejudiced by resentment of the fact that he happens to be an American and has no sentimental associations with such epoch-making entertainments as "The Bing Boys."

Personally, I liked Mr. Cook immensely; though I do not guarantee that you will. For one thing, he is sometimes almost unintelligibly American. Again, you will have to be extremely quick in the uptake to enjoy his nonsense; he allows no time for leisurely appreciation. Whether the joke is a line or an elaborate mechanical contraption, it is over-and-done-with before you can say "Joe Cook." It is hardly surprising, therefore, that the maudlin first-night audience, its collective mind still dawdling with the 1916 "Bing Boys," was bemused to the point of resentment by his quick-wit methods. His so-called Band is first-rate slap-stick, and his mock-serious reading of a children's Nature-story first-rate humour.

The sketches, apart from Mr. Cook's, are very poor; but the dancing, especially June's, is excellent. The music is vigorous, though not particularly "catchy"; the *décor* is always expensive-looking, and in one or two instances most pleasant to look at; and the whole thing is presented with that gusto and vitality which perhaps more than anything else are necessary to a revue's success. Unfortunately, whoever selected Miss Loraine's

material, was apparently under the delusion that she is a retired concert-artist. She is, I venture to point out, nothing of the sort. Her voice is strong, and she sings in tune; but as a vocalist with sentimental numbers, she will only puzzle the younger generation as to what all the first-night fuss was about. They will, however, get a hint of the genial and robust comedian she was and is, from her comic song, "I wonder why poor Nellie never writes," and again in her burlesque number as an ageing circus-queen. But as things are at present, whether you enjoy this new revue, will depend very largely upon whether you like Mr. Cook. Personally, I did—immensely.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

Ourselves Alone. By Noel Scott and Dudley Sturrock. Globe.

SOME of the more sensitive theatrical critics lifted fingers of reproach at the Lord Chamberlain for allowing at this political juncture a play that deals with the fighting in Ireland in the early 'twenties. Should this view prevail, and playwrights be forcibly sundered from any remaining contact with active life, the critics will quickly find themselves out of their apparently uncongenial job, and restricted to writing obituary notices on the theatre. If Thalia and Melpomene are, like the B.B.C., allowed to air no views on politics, religion, or any human activity except adultery, the sooner they hand their real tickets to the anonymous Muses of Non-Stop Variety and Motion Pictures, the better.

Moreover, Dr. Noel Scott and his collaborator have been careful not to outrage the political sensibilities of Mr. de Valera. The hero of the I.R.A. is encouraged to summarise (in the mellifluous Welsh of Mr. Griffith Jones) all the time-honoured wrongs of the Irish people, whose laborious recollection seems to form the basis of Irish patriotism and statesmanship. Again, the bravest man in a piece liberally studded with brave men is an I.R.A. gunman. This bitter fanatic, with all his Celtic lack of humour and balance, is admirably drawn by the authors and beautifully played by Mr. Horace Hutchinson. The chief part and chief honour fall to Mr. Frank Harvey. There can be no actor on the English stage who makes his points with less fuss and more certainty than Mr. Harvey. His diction is a model of clarity and beauty. Here he has a rival in Miss Sara Allgood. It is disappointing that the authors have only managed to work her into one act. It would be fair to ask for more liberal treatment, since the play is entirely a machine-made product. The formula employed has been to select a first-rate story and to carve character and emotion to fit its framework. Such a method may not produce works of art, but it ensures entertainment, especially when reality is cleverly preserved, as in this play, by intelligent use of local colour and detail of the time.

ROBERT GORE-BROWNE.

FILMS

BY MARK FORREST.

Jack's the Boy. Directed by Walter Forde. The Tivoli.

Mutter Krausen. Directed by Piel Jutzi. The Academy.

The Silent Witness. General Release.

WHEN I was younger and older men were middle-aged, there was a music-hall song which attained great popularity whose chorus ran, "I distinctly heard Queen Elizabeth say, 'John Willie! Come on!'" The somewhat forward disposition of the queen is explained by the fact that the singer was supposed to have been locked up in Madame Tussauds, where all sorts of adventures befell him, including the crude invitation from the wax figure of good Queen Bess. It has now occurred to a film company that Madame Tussauds should be exploited again, and a good deal of the hilarious action of "Jack's the Boy," the new picture at the Tivoli, takes place in the Chamber of Horrors.

Commenting last week on "The Greeks Had A Word For Them," I mentioned that the brand of humour was typically American. "Jack's the Boy" is just as typically English. The boy is Jack Hulbert, whose great success in "Sunshine Susie" has encouraged the Gainsborough Company to persevere with him, and there is no doubt that this latest piece of boisterous foolery will be enormously successful, at any rate in this country. Jack Hulbert on point duty, Jack Hulbert pursuing a jewel thief among the waxworks, and Jack Hulbert in a state of alcoholic incoherence should amuse everyone, unless familiarity with his methods does not take a little of the gilt off the gingerbread. The same reservation must also be applied to Cicely Courtneidge, who shares the picture with him, and who once again gives her impersonation of a female of indeterminate age, but very determined hair.

The film itself is a musical farce which contains one, if not two, good songs, and had the camera been given more work to do than it has, the result might well have been something better than just good entertainment. One particular sequence stands out as an instance of missed opportunity; Jack Hulbert is on point duty and two men manage to get a long ladder across the line of traffic. This situation in the hands of a director of the calibre of Mr. Clair would have served as a foundation for a reel or more of pantomime, but under Mr. Forde's supervision, the cinematographic possibilities are discarded for obvious backchat and slapstick.

The fun in Madame Tussauds where the thief hides the necklace is based on humour of the easiest kind, and those who don't want to have their brains troubled can lean back and enjoy themselves. A little subtlety here and there, however, would be a welcome change, and more reliance on cinema effects and less on those of the stage would make one more confident that

British film directors are going to be able to grasp the opportunities which, in the present state of the industry in America, are theirs for the taking.

"Mädchen in Uniform," after a long run at the Academy, has given way to another German picture entitled "Mutter Krausen," but there is a vast change in the quality of the entertainment.

The film is a silent one, made in Germany in 1930 when the talking pictures were just starting, and the background is the tenement quarter of Berlin which filmgoers will remember was the scene of Mr. Doblin's "Alexanderplatz," and with which artists will be familiar through Heinrich Zille's drawings. From the cinematographic point of view there is some clever cross-cutting, some excellent acting, and some unusual camera work, but the story is so sordid, so depressing, and so unintelligent that one's interest soon evaporates. Drunkenness, rape, prostitution, and a gas oven are herded together, and there is no redeeming feature except the symbolism of advancing youth; advancing, so far as I can see, to nothing except a dreary repetition.

Old mother Krausen, well played by Alexandra Schmitt, keeps the family together by selling newspapers, but her son spends the money in drink and her lodger rapes her daughter. The young workman, who loves the daughter and has a face which reminds one of Billy Merson, throws the girl over, and the girl, in order to try and make good the money which her mother has lost, toys with the idea of prostitution. She doesn't go through with it, but the son, also in an endeavour to recover the loss, undertakes a burglary at the instigation of the lodger. He is caught, and the mother puts her head, together with that of the lodger's small stepchild, in a gas oven; the fact that the workman takes back the girl is no compensation for this welter of depression, unrelieved except for a little gross humour.

Although the gap in time between the appearance of a picture in the West End of London and its general release throughout the country has been lessened, there is still an interval of some three months between the two dates. In the future, therefore, I propose to refer in these columns to the best of the films so generally released, in order that readers who haven't the opportunity of seeing the picture when it is first presented, may have a little more to go upon than the announcements in the films of the week at the back of the paper.

The general releases this week are rather a poor lot, but the most entertaining is "The Silent Witness," a screen adaptation of the English play of the same name. In this, Lionel Atwill gives a good performance, and there is an amusing thumbnail sketch of a taxi-driver by Herbert Mundin. The question to be solved is who murdered the lady of some allurements and no reputation in her flat, and, though the solution is pretty far fetched, it is fairly ingenious. The English atmosphere has been well caught, but there are one or two minor blunders which are unnecessary, considering the care that has plainly been devoted to getting the details correct.

NEW NOVELS

Faraway, by J. B. Priestley. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

Café Bar, by Scott Moncrieff. Wishart. 7s. 6d.

The Orchid, by Robert Nathan. Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 6s.

FARAWAY. Far away from the ordinary routine of their lives to an island in the South Seas. A fortune on the island (it was covered with pitchblende—radium ore) just waiting to be picked up by the three rather foolish men who thought they owned it. A crook (a clever crook, too, who comes near to being a relief after the foolishness of the three) who also thought that he should own the island, and that as it might be a question of millions and millions of pounds, it would be worth while to take a little trouble to find out to whom the place belonged and whether it was charted. The voyage out (a tedious affair), and then the voyage back (even more tedious) of three disillusioned men and one very joyful crook plus island plus pitchblende. That, in bald outline, is the story of "Faraway."

It is a surprisingly simple thing after the crowded canvases of "The Good Companions" and "Angel Pavement." Mr. Priestley, of course, has the grand manner, and he fashions and exhibits his characters with the confidence and the strut and swagger of Dickens. But he certainly has not here the fulness of matter that should and would justify the grand manner, and the thinness of his scheme detracts a great deal from the satisfaction of "Faraway." (Faraway, by the way, was the name of the island.)

The story cannot help being reminiscent of Treasure Island, and Mr. Priestley cannot hope to get away with it without such comparison. Stevenson as an artist was superb (I can hear you chortling with joy at so obvious a remark), but there was always a touch of anæmia in the conscious perfection of his style. Mr. Priestley, on the other hand, is robust, and suggestive of Roast Beef and Yorkshire Pudding and second helpings and sweets and cheese to follow. But the beef, alackaday, is not the best roast beef and neither is it juicy. The old picaresque effect of "The Good Companions" is there, but some of the incidents have been dragged in by the hair; they may, of course, have happened, but the fact that they did happen interests you very little (just as if the hero blew his nose in the Blue Train and you tried to make significant) and the effect is disconcerting and disappointing.

Sadly disappointing after "The Good Companions" to read on and on, and to have to admit that it is disconcerting and disappointing. The story is so very slight that one almost suspects Mr. Priestley of having the characters (and the characters do live in a world that has no existence) yet not the time to think of anything for them to do. No doubt he was tired of his usual old-and-mild and wanted to try a more equatorial vintage.

William, then, is a Suffolk maltster with a penchant for chess but a feeling that at forty he was in danger of being stalemated for life. Came an uncle with tales of a treasure filled island, and

bequeathed his nephew resolution enough to seek it. The old man decided to give his secret (the secret of Faraway) to the three men who had done him good in life; one he told of the pitchblende; the second the latitude; and the third the longitude. Much of the book is taken up in arranging with these three to meet, and much again in getting them to Tahiti. The chapters follow one another in languorous succession as they go "native", fall in love, and charter schooners to take them on the last stage of their journey. Result, three foolish men without pitchblende and one clever crook with millions and millions of pounds. William, married, and maltster once more, resumes his chess.

Mr. Priestley, in my opinion, is unlikely to add to his reputation by so sterile a yarn.

We have long been waiting for "Café Bar"—those of us, that is, who have simple appetites and can revel in detective fiction. What does Burglar Bill do and think, and how does he live when he isn't stealing the Duchess' tiara? How does he behave when he isn't breaking or entering? "Café Bar" isn't a pretty story and is quite definitely not for the squeamish, but with its obvious sincerity and impartiality it is very readable and even a little heart-rending. The Café is in Soho and its clientele is (chiefly) sneak-thieves, crooks of every description, down-and-outs, and prostitutes. Some of them are regulars, and spend day after day there until they seem suddenly and quite quietly to have become acquaintances; others come dropping in and as quickly and suddenly disappear, and the Café sees them no more.

It is not a novel—there is no consecutive story—but I felt grateful to Mr. Moncrieff for keeping it incidental and sordid and pitiful, and more than grateful to him for not putting across us the sort of romantic nonsense that so often passes for the underworld and its denizens. Crime alone does not make the criminal interesting, and Mr. Moncrieff knows it. To get inside the criminal mind, to understand the why and wherefore of its crookedness is the real fascination of the criminal story, and the reis in Café Bar a surfeit of "bad hats" that catches the imagination and holds the attention. A drab and unsightly world, this of Mr. Moncrieff's, of men and women who have had bad luck, yet his book is obviously sincere and real, and leaves the impression of being intrinsically correct in its minutest detail.

And lastly there is "The Orchid." To the world Mrs. Heavenstreet was just the wife of Heavenstreet Structural Steel, but to Mr. Nathan she is part of the fantastic Orchid of life. She sat on committees, while Rose Grogarty, the matinée star, sat on husband Heavenstreet's knee.

Mr. Gambrino had been a choral tenor at the Scala, but he had the business instinct too, which was just as well, because the calliope on the carousel played no tenor arias. He damaged Mrs. Connor's romance by giving her a dividend instead of a high B-flat, but it all came out right on Monday night. And so the artists and the world went on mixing it, and everyone wanted to be someone else, as they always do.

Professor Pembauer, formerly of the Muenchner

Philharmonik, later hopelessly teaching Master Grogarty to massacre his mother's artistic ear with a pianoforte, solved it all with a party on the newly furnished carousel. "Hold me tighter, darling," said Mr. Rasselas, "we're going round a curve." "Hup," said Mrs. Heavenstreet; so Mr. Heavenstreet kissed her and took her home, while Mrs. Connor hung from her giraffe and gazed fondly at Professor Pembauer. Mr. Gambirino felt, as he held her up under the ribs, that that was the most intimate thing he had ever done; but Mr. Stang had come as usual in tweeds; and Miss Grogarty and Professor Pembauer were left, each alone with their art.

Fantasy? Yes. But Fantasy of a most delicate and delightful kind. Mr. Nathan has a mastery of words that is essential for gentle satire, and if he looks through the wrong end of the telescope, he does so deliberately. Like Mr. Gambirino, he plays the callopie to that interminable, fantastic, laughable, cruel merry-go-round on which we circle until the end.

A.A.

REVIEWS

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS

Criticism. By Desmond MacCarthy. Putnam. 7s. 6d.

MR. DESMOND MACCARTHY is a critic whose essays are likely to vex the partisans. Independent and judicial, he wears the badge of no party and the livery of no faction. In particular, he must annoy those to whom the war period is a great gulf fixed in life and literature between sheep and goats, or goats and sheep. Change is, he knows, a law of nature. "The creation of the world," as Proust wrote, "did not happen in the beginning; it happens every day." But Mr. MacCarthy is aware of recurrence as another law. Men, women, and their works are never quite as new as they are fancied by young persons who seek a short cut to omniscience by the simple expedient of eliminating all our yesterdays from the calendar.

The most interesting passages in *Criticism* are those in which the writer has noted resemblances between ancients and moderns. His comparison of Browning with T. S. Eliot is a masterly performance, and the more remarkable because written a good many years ago, when the latter poet was more discussed and less revered than he is at present. Admirable, too, is the coupling of David Garnett with Defoe, though here the similarity of style is, no doubt, the result of deliberately following a master. A little less happily, Aldous Huxley is proclaimed an Anatole France who "has not attained to the suavity of indifference." "Suavity of indifference" is a phrase written, perhaps, hastily, at the fag end of a paper on Mr. Huxley's novels. In a study of Anatole France himself, it would have surely been corrected, for Mr. MacCarthy would have then remembered that, if Jerome Coignard despised mankind, he despised it tenderly. Tenderness and indifference are mutually exclusive terms.

Another affinity which Mr. MacCarthy brings to light is between Richardson and Marcel Proust. Now, although his usual inclination may be towards literary conservatism, it so happens that the mind behind *Clarissa* is repellent to him, while he recognises *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* as the work of a consummate artist. None the less, he sees the two writers as creatures of a single species, with similar methods of appeal to the sensibility of their day. Their femininity, their valetudinarian temperaments, their absorption in minutiae, all serve to unite them. The strait-laced morality of the one and the loose immorality of the other no more prevent them from being kindred spirits than do their divergences in cut of waistcoat or style of hairdressing. Given a certain change of air, Proust might easily have been a sentimental prude, Richardson a fastidious libertine, and both would have remained indubitably themselves.

The suggestion of relationship between Carlyle and Lawrence is harder to digest, for the characters of these men were strong, and their passions earnest. Could they have met, they would have fought before they shook hands, and they might never have shaken hands at all. Quite probably, Carlyle would have begun and ended by damning Lawrence as a pornographer. Lawrence, however, would have respected his adversary as a man wrong in the right way, and infinitely preferred battle with him to the unintelligent plaudits of a Bloomsbury gang. Indeed, there was actually a deeper agreement between the two than even Mr. MacCarthy has noted. Carlyle, as he says, was "terrified of the body"; but to Lawrence, also, the body was, in the proper sense of the word, awful. As he avowed, his quarrel was less with those who cursed it than with those who made light of it. Always he held the harshest ascetics right as against the rakes and fribbles. In a society of "empty feather heads growing ever the noisier, in their own emptiness, in each other's noise," it is at least conceivable that he and the Victorian prophet would have been moved to cease their strife, and to shout in unison as twin sons of thunder.

D. WILLOUGHBY.

LONDON'S BIGGEST BOUNDER

Frank Harris. By Hugh Kingsmill. Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

FRANK HARRIS, sometime editor of the *Saturday Review*, was wont to think of himself in terms of Goethe, Shakespeare, Bismarck, and, when the sands were running low, Christ. He was more aptly described by the late Mr. Jimmy Glover as "London's Biggest Bounder." Harris came to England for the first time since boyhood in the early 1880's, having spent the years that separated him from an obscure Welsh or Irish origin in America as bootblack, hotel clerk, cowboy, and lawyer (unsuccessful) at the Kansas bar. He had overweening ambition, mental and physical energy, unlimited powers of bluff, and a memory better than Macaulay's:

Armed with these powers, Harris rose to be editor in turn of the *Evening News*, the *Fortnightly*, the *Saturday*, and some lesser publications; he was accepted as Conservative candidate for Parliament; knew a host of prominent men during a quarter of a century; was imprisoned for contempt of Court; and left England an undischarged bankrupt, to die, after a long interlude interspersed with such episodes as his witless championing of Germany during the War, in unhonoured poverty at Nice. Had he been gifted with some charm or grace, Frank Harris might have stood for the portrait of a 19th century Casanova.

Mr. Hugh Kingsmill is the latest and easily the best biographer of this meteoric literary adventurer. He does justice in a remarkable degree to his striking if unpleasant subject, erring by way neither of eulogy nor of abuse. That talent should be judged at its best and character at its worst, if a truism, is an injunction more often honoured in the breach than in the observance; especially in England, where we cling to the pleasing illusion that good men must be great, and genius virtuous. But even this sound rule, when applied to Frank Harris, does not give wholly satisfactory results; for if the facts concerning his character cannot be questioned, it is harder to feel completely right about his talent.

Frank Harris was an adept and shameless blackmailer: of that Mr. Kingsmill gives ample evidence. He blackmailed men, he blackmailed companies, he blackmailed women, and even boasted of some success in this branch of crime, the genuineness of which Mr. Kingsmill doubts. Later, when without power to blackmail, he developed much skill in the writing of fraudulent begging letters. His delight, till too old, was, on his own showing, to seduce unmarried women; and all his relations with both sexes were marked throughout life by total ignorance of the meaning of the word "gratitude." At one time, he was the financial backer of what in America is known as a "sporty house." That he lied whenever it suited him, personally and in his writings, is obvious on the face of it. Rarely has any man done so well on such a thoroughly obnoxious moral outfit. Even more strange is it that Harris' defects were not compensated by fascination, for he was vulgar in appearance, and more often than not insufferably rude. What carried the man along, and actually won friends for him, was his native vitality, a persistent innate force that imposed him on others willy-nilly.

Mr. Kingsmill points to nigh half-a-dozen portraits of Harris in contemporary fiction, the most agreeable and surely lasting of which is Mr. Hardfur Huttie in that classic, "The Diary of a Nobody." What is significant is that Mr. Hardfur Huttie has nothing whatever to do with letters: Harris' personal success, then, did not depend wholly on his attainments, but on himself—as Mr. Bernard Shaw once said, "his horrible, unique self." Frank Harris' character may be left with a flashlight from one who knew him, approvingly quoted by Mr. Kingsmill: "Frank Harris would charm Jesus Christ on a first meeting, and would continue the charm as long as he thought there was any chance of touch-

ing him for dough, but once let it get into his ape-like bean that the Saviour was no longer saving him, and he'd hurry the Crucifixion along at a pace that would make Pontius Pilate look like a snail."

Frank Harris, then, was a pretty common ruffian. But he was a ruffian who had an uncommon lore and knowledge of great poetry, and uncommon courage in standing up for his opinions. This courage, as Mr. Kingsmill shows, was not perfect, but marred by a rather mean inferiority complex. Harris was a snob: not because he toadied the high-born, but because he resented his own lower middle-class birth, and savagely envied those born or bred with greater advantages. Mr. Kingsmill once asked him if he had met Leslie Stephen. "No," answered Harris gloomily, "Stephen and that set looked on me as a cad. They didn't want to know me." The attack that took him most on the raw was Whistler's gibe that his work at the *Fortnightly* was mere "high-class English mediocrity." This unsureness of himself led Harris, as again Mr. Kingsmill points out, to the perpetual attempt to hitch his wagon to a star: to Lord Randolph Churchill, to that comet's son, to Wilde, and in literature to Shakespeare, and to every one of the fourscore men in the five largely unveracious volumes of "Contemporary Portraits." In all Harris' writings, behind the man he depicts you see lurking the figure of Frank Harris himself as he was, or was not, or as he longed or feared to be.

A good test of Frank Harris' talent is perhaps offered by the superiority of his writing about other men or other men's works to his original efforts. His own stories are not without merit, but their style is jejune, and only the effect produced by his passionate enthusiasm in "The Man Shakespeare" and the less attractive "Women of Shakespeare" can explain to us the grossly inordinate praise lavished on Harris' fiction by some contemporaries. Thus, Middleton Murry placed "Montes the Matador" and other of Harris' short stories "among the supreme creations of art"; Mr. Bernard Shaw ranked them with Maupassant. Such judgments are mere drivel. Harris had a knack of drawing forcible word pictures, and a noteworthy vocabulary derived from his knowledge of the poets that he used with great effect in his Shakespeare and the life of Oscar Wilde; but the true artist's breath lacks. Nor, however strongly they were expressed, was there anything original in his views. Harris thought of himself at different times as a man of grand actions, an iconoclast, a scourging moralist, a literary genius, a martyr: in reality his main talent was that of a very high-class exuberant reporter. His invention was exactly that of the professional "liar," the bugbear of responsible journalists. Harris' personality amazed people. At the distance of a quarter of a century it still amazes us, and all who would understand it and the epoch of English life and journalism across which it flashed must read Mr. Kingsmill's truly admirable biography. Frank Harris was not a man to love, or to respect, or even to fear; out a man of mark, whom it was, and still is, impossible to dismiss with neglect.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DARDANELLES

The Official History of the Gallipoli Campaign.
Volume II. By Brigadier-General C. F. Aspinall-Oglander.

THIS volume deals with the Gallipoli Campaign between the middle of May, 1915, and the final evacuation on the 9th January, 1916, and to those who took part in it is of absorbing interest, as it explains the reasons for the delays, vacillations and inconsistencies which hampered all the operations from the very beginning. The reader knows the end well enough, but here is put before him the tragedy of opportunity after opportunity being wasted and thrown away by excessive secrecy, inexperience and lack of initiative and push, as Sir Ian Hamilton stated in one of his reports—"No man putteth new wine into old bottles and the old Generals seem to be proving unsuitable."

The main cause of the failure was the indecision of the Government and the Allies, who could not make up their minds to allot the necessary troops and munitions required to bring the campaign to a successful conclusion, and, in consequence, the opportunities of success which presented themselves were lost one by one.

Throughout the Campaign the co-operation between the two Services was almost perfect, and they worked splendidly together. After the arrival of the German submarines, the work of the Navy was rendered very difficult, but, in spite of that, the troops and supplies were put on shore and maintained with the greatest regularity, the troops being supported whenever possible by the ships' guns. It is interesting to note that many of the officers considered that a purely naval attack on the Narrows would be successful, and after the failure of the battle of Suvla Commodore Keyes urged that this should be undertaken, as it presented the only means of saving the situation; and, although Admiral de Robeck was opposed to this, Keyes was permitted to return home to put his ideas before the War Council. When Lord Kitchener was sent out to report definitely on the situation, he telegraphed to the Admiralty, asking that Keyes should meet him at Marseilles and accompany him out; Keyes never received this message, but it is possible that if he had done so he might have influenced Lord Kitchener to decide against evacuation.

From the information given in this book, there is no doubt that the Turks greatly feared that the attempt would be made to force the British Fleet through the Narrows, but whether by doing so it would have brought the campaign to a successful conclusion is a matter of considerable doubt, as those ships that did get through would have been at the mercy of German submarines, without any means of protection or the possibility of obtaining supplies.

We read here of the great success of the evacuation, which was a wonderful effort of organisation and co-operation. Military experts had estimated the loss at between 25,000 and 50,000 men, and certainly there was no one who thought it would be possible to carry it out without very considerable loss. Yet it was accomplished without the

loss of a single man, and, as one German Military Correspondent stated—"As long as wars last, the evacuation of Suvla and Anzac will stand before the eyes of all strategists as a hitherto unattained masterpiece."

The writer says in his Epilogue—"The story is a record of lost opportunities and eventual failure: yet it is a story which men of the British race may ponder, if not without pain yet certainly not without pride, for amidst circumstances of unsurpassed difficulty and strain the bravery, fortitude and endurance of the invading troops upheld most worthily the high traditions of the fighting Services of the Crown."

J. G. A.

THE IRISH IN FRANCE

Ireland and Irishmen in the French Revolution.

By Richard Hayes (introduction by Hilaire Belloc). Benn 21s.

VERY pleasantly does Mr. Hayes ramble among the less trodden bye-ways of the Revolution of 1789. He is in search of new historical facts; his leaves and appendices testify to zeal. In a sense this work is yet another of the recent spate of pro-Catholic versions of history; but its spirit, while good Catholic and stoutly "patriotic" as the more rampant Irish now construe nation-hood, is sincere and valuable to the student of France and Ireland at that time. The book opens with a too short account of Ireland in that period—Mr. Hayes writes too well to deny us more—and then covers leading incidents and Irish personalities in the Revolutionary years. The Dillons, Masserene, Napper Tandy, Wolfe Tone and Pitt's spies (whom history under-values) all appear. The death scene of Louis XVI with L'Abbe-Edgeworth at the guillotine is finely portrayed even if the principal lacks the human appeal of Mr. Belloc's great tragedian, Richelieu, at the same moment in his fate.

After 1688, as Mr. Hayes explains, the famous "Wild Geese," the attaint of Connacht Catholics, fled to France. Jacobitism was their personal future as "the glorious revolution" was that of their Whig opponents. Like Edinburgh it was Paris and the Irish Brigade that Dublin learnt to look to. And it is a testimony to the quality of Catholic courage other Faiths might acknowledge in the Old Faith that induced Irish people to finance these emigrés for a century or more. In England repression was the inevitable policy until finally a Catholic restoration to the Throne fell out of practical politics. That, though, is a point of value even to-day, as is little perceived, in that under the Statute of Westminster, following the Imperial Conference of 1926, any Dominion may at its executive's sole option refuse on a new Accession to issue the Royal Proclamation, yet apparently still remain within the Empire.

Mr. Belloc and Mr. Hayes both touch on the relation of Freemasonry to the storming of the Bastille. Neither is too clear in his handling of a subject that is now the pet prey of numerous fanatics. For neither describes the difference between Grand Lodge of England and French Grand Orient. The objection of devout Catholics to freemasonry after 1789, Garibaldi's or Mussolini's

March on Rome is comprehensible. But the uninitiated English reader might be told that with priestly blessing influential Catholics are high English masons. Politics and Atheism are in English lodges absolutely forbidden. The bottom of the agitation against Mother Church in 1791, as against that Church in Reformation days in England and in 1931 against Spain's (and as must be too, if the Catholic orders neglect the hierarchy, in Southern Ireland in 1932) was a people's determination, in part no doubt from avarice, but in greater part from a sensitiveness to decay in national life, to remove from Mortmain wealth mis-handled by a clergy.

FLEET STREET FLICKS

Memory's Parade. By A. Wallis Myers. Methuen and Co. 7s. 6d. net.

IT is somewhat of a shock to find Mr. Wallis Myers, the most active of lawn tennis reporters and still an admired exponent of that game, considering himself so advanced in age as to join the throng of memoir writers. His contemporaries may console themselves by remembering that babes hardly out of their teens sometimes do the same nowadays. They will be still more consoled by finding what delightful and interesting memories Mr. Wallis Myers has to include in his *Parade*. From January, 1901, when he "covered," in Fleet Street parlance, the death of Queen Victoria at Osborne—and would have got a "scoop" through sharing a room at the hotel with the Prince of Wales' hairdresser, had not that capillary artist, once entering the palace, been retained there until the Queen was dead—till these latter days, there is hardly anyone of note in the world of politics and sport that Mr. Wallis Myers has not met and, having met, noted something of interest in them for his record. Another scoop that Mr. Wallis Myers got was the postponement of King Edward's Coronation: a story to be read with anguish by every brother of the pen, for Mr. Alfred Spender, the editor of the "Westminster Gazette," refused to print it as a fact without official confirmation. There are new and good tales in plenty about a host of remarkable men: F.E., W.G., the Claimant, C. B. Fry, Edna May, John Perry, the oldest 'bus driver in London; a new one even about 1914, when Mr. Wallis Myers took part in a thrilling hunt for the German Army in Yorkshire, an excited Colonel having mistaken Flamborough Head lighthouse for enemy invader signals; sketches of South Africa, India and America; and, towards the end of the book, much useful and amusing information about lawn tennis, which has increasingly absorbed Mr. Wallis Myers' attention, first as one of the best judges of it, and then as founder and moving spirit of the now very successful International Lawn Tennis Club. Mr. Wallis Myers' *Parade* is a book to be read with pleasure, and to be kept for reference (the more so by reason of its excellent index), as containing a number of facts that have come within his view not to be found elsewhere. Readers who do not know Mr. Wallis Myers by sight are hereby warned that the frontispiece portrait of him is lamentably unflattering.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL PUZZLE

I Lost My Memory. The case as the patient saw it. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

BOOKS of a purely autobiographical nature, unvarnished by any imaginative material, are often intensely interesting, but "I Lost My Memory" would certainly have made valuable material as a basis for a novel. Its literary potentialities are patent and it is also clear that the author would have had no great difficulty in transcending his experience into another form. As it is, "an unvarnished record written by a patient describing a psychological maladjustment and its treatment," it is of far greater interest to the neurologist and to the psycho-analyst than to the ordinary reader.

At the age of about forty the writer, a well-educated man, leaves his wife to buy some tobacco, and remembers nothing more until a few days later he finds himself on the rifle-ranges near Aldershot; slowly he realises that he has forgotten twenty years of his life. "I had an odd feeling of sharing a body with a stranger, a man much older than myself whose thoughts and reactions would be coloured and governed by twenty years of living which I knew nothing about." Fully appreciative of what has happened, although unaware of possessing a wife and a child, he explains his position to an officer, and his family is discovered for him. There follows a long and very slow recovery under psychological treatment.

The aberration was the result of many months of continuous and growing disappointment and lack of hope in the outlook for the future.

It is the writer's realisation of what has happened, and an eagerness to help in any way possible, with the assistance of a most sympathetic wife and an extraordinarily skilful doctor, that makes for a complete recovery.

"Classical, clear-cut loss of memory such as is described in these pages is a psychological reaction, partly defensive and partly fugitive, and it is caused by some intolerable situation," and to obtain an intelligent account from the patient's point of view is, as the doctor stresses, of unique value.

THE THEBAN EAGLE

The Works of Pindar. Text and Commentaries. By L. R. Farnell. Macmillan. 2 vols. 30s.

BRITISH scholarship has waited long for a complete and authoritative edition of Pindar. Dr. Farnell's translation has already appeared and he now concludes his scholarly and thoughtful edition with the Greek text and notes. It is perhaps strange that British classical scholars have lagged behind the Germans in their study of Pindar. For he would seem to make the most direct appeal to a national temperament which sets high store by athletic accomplishment. The truth is probably that Pindar is often exceedingly difficult and German patience has plodded along more successfully than our own less painstaking methods.

Dr. Farnell has now swept away the reproach. His admirable work leaves no excuse for the English student of Greek to shrink from contact with one of the greatest lyric poets of all time.

The gate is open for him to behold "the pride" and "ample pinion."

That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme Dominion
Thro' the azure Deep of air.

As he points out, the editor of Pindar has the advantage of a text which is little corrupt and of which the accuracy has been singularly confirmed by the study of inscriptions. The difficulty of Pindar lies in his thought and in the correlation of contemporary athletic triumphs with the myths of Greek religion. The Greek games were sublimated to religious symbolism, and here it is easy for the modern reader to be lost in a world of hazy conjecture.

In such difficulties Dr. Farnell is the safest of guides. Common sense and true poetic appreciation are intertwined into an Ariadne's thread which shows the true way through almost all the twists and turns of the labyrinth. A sense of humour often illuminates a passage held obscure. An excellent instance is that passage in the Second Nemean, where the commentators, baffled by Pindar's quiet irony, could not see the point of the remark: "in Troyland Hektor heard tell of Aias." As Dr. Farnell says; "in prose anyone might ironically say, 'Hektor occasionally heard of the existence of Aias.'"

Altogether an admirable edition, worthy of the highest tradition of English scholarship.

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY SAGA

Simon van der Stel's Journal of his Expedition to Namaqualand, 1685—1686. Edited by G. Waterhouse. Longmans. 25s.

THE MS. of van der Stel's expedition in search of the copper mountains of Namaqualand had been missing from the Dutch archives of the Cape for some two hundred years, and it was not until 1922 that Dr. Waterhouse unearthed it in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

This volume is the fruit of his discovery and it makes very good reading. The Dutch text is given as well as the English translation, and one's first reaction to the narrative is surprise at the number and accuracy of the observations of latitude and longitude taken and the minute detail in which all courses and distances were noted. The book is profusely illustrated with plates of the original illustrations of fauna and flora which were found with the MS., and these too are remarkable for their accuracy.

The Mystery of the Monkey Gland Cocktail. By Roger East. Putnams. 7s. 6d.

DR. Cole was rung up at his suburban house just as he had come in from a hard day's work by his friend Hastings. Going to the 'phone, he heard Hastings say: "For God's sake, can you come? I—we—we've been poisoned. It's, I think, strychnine."

Now, Monkey Gland Cocktails are made, it seems, chiefly of absinthe. But who put in the other poison, and why? This is Mr. East's secret, and uncommonly well he and his phlegmatic superintendent of county police lead up to its divulcation.

CORRESPONDENCE

The B.B.C. Programmes

SIR,—I am glad you have opened the question of B.B.C. Sunday programmes. They used to have a Bach cantata at 3 p.m. each Sunday—their most brilliant idea, I think, time and subject so well chosen, and the lovely music which most of us never heard before and could never hear otherwise.

But this was dropped, rather curtly and rudely; I tried to discover who was responsible, but failed; in fact I was received with curtness, and it seems evident that the "machine" has got into the hands of some incompetent person.

The B.B.C. are public servants, and their managers ought to be known to the public.

W. H. D. ROUSE.

Histon Manor.

25th June, 1932.

Building Societies

SIR,—In April-early May this year, a walk round the City of London showed a number of notices of interest on deposit of 5 per cent. Even yesterday, monthly depositors with the "Halifax Permanent" are advertised for at 6 per cent. in all, bonus included. It is the few leaders who count. And just after your paragraph appeared, Sir H. Bellman referred to your very point, warning the societies of a long, cheap money period, hardly established so clearly in early May.

As to "default," it all depends in my judgment on the locality. Certainly in distressed parts and in East London several weeks' grace is given in effect, under what name is not material.

The societies are now in for a difficult time. Money is to be cheap, and the public is turning to rent-charges and lease-holds. Against that, overmuch money has been loaned on house-property. In Margate alone 200 such houses are back in the hands of the societies. Which is no doubt why some societies want the State to loan their funds with which to finance working-class houses.

ROBERT SCOTT.

Whitehall Court, S.W.1,

June 20th, 1932.

"The Detective Story"

SIR,—Miss Dorothy L. Sayers, after suitably thanking Mr. Peregrine for his thoughtful effort to depress even a lesser British industry, and whilst agreeing that the high standard of accuracy imposed upon themselves by the authors of detective stories lays them open to correction which they usually welcome and constantly receive, pointed out that it is generally considered legitimate in such stories to create your own hypothesis provided that it is not contrary to fact or the laws of nature. You may, as she put it, imagine a Cathedral on the banks of a dream-river; but you may not set Ely on the banks of the Thames nor make your river run up hill. I ventured in that paper to cite at random six instances, of crimes actually committed in this country, where the murderer had taken risks which, in fiction, a Peregrine might have considered "incredible".

I added the names of a couple of well-known Clubs in the Postal District E.C.4, and, for others, referred Mr. Peregrine to Whitaker's Almanack.

May I go further, and assure Mr. Peregrine that if he knew the county of Somerset as well as does Mr. Rhode he would be familiar with a houseless 4-mile stretch of secondary road?

MILWARD KENNEDY.

*Cuckfield, Sussex,
19th June, 1932.*

The Fur Crusade

SIR,—I am sure there are many readers of the *Saturday Review* who, like myself, are very glad of the publication of Major van der Byl's letter in the issue of May 28th.

This is a good time to advertise the beautiful fur fabrics made in Great Britain, many of which I have personally examined and admired for two reasons, the one being that I am uncompromisingly anti-fur and anti-feather wearing from motives of humanity; the other that I like to help British manufacturers. Long years ago, when I went most thoroughly into the matter for what some people called a "journalistic stunt," I proved to my own satisfaction that there was nothing a fashionable woman needed to wear that Britons could not make, even "French" tulle!

Fur fabrics could put the wearing of real fur out of fashion (except by the animals that have a natural right to it) if only a few fashionable Englishwomen would make their preference for it widely known.

ELIZABETH BANKS.

Democracy v. Civilisation.

SIR,—The opinions of Macaulay on the merits of Civilisation and Democracy, though written 70 years ago, is still a matter of interest in these days, when the question is still an open one. Mr. Rendall, of the British Museum Reading Room, writes, in a letter to Miss Emily Sargent: "The only edition of Macaulay's letters in which his observations occur is a single volume edition published by Messrs. Harper, of New York, in 1875. There is a copy in this library, but probably not elsewhere in London."

The letters were also printed separately by the New York Public Library in 1925, under the title, "*What did Macaulay say about America?*"

ANGLO-AMERICAN.

Typewriters and Preference

SIR,—On the 9th June, in the House of Commons, I received from Mr. Runciman, the President of the Board of Trade, in answer to a question, the information that in the year 1931 the total number of typewriters imported into this country from Canada was 20; that during the quarter ended March 31st, 1932, 503 typewriters were imported from Canada, and during April, 1932, alone, 856. I have since ascertained that for the month of May, 1932, the figure of such imports exceeded 2,000.

These returns indicate a state of affairs which should receive the closest consideration at Ottawa, and, indeed, sooner, as some measure is necessary to safeguard the immediate position of a commodity the stocks of which may become so great, through these imports, as to constitute a menace to this industry.

The obvious inference is that some means has been found by which typewriters from the U.S.A. are consigned to this country as goods of Canadian origin in order to escape the tariff which has been imposed on foreign-made merchandise.

It is clear that very much stricter regulations as to the British origin of materials and labour are necessary. It is impossible to say to what extent these machines have been assembled in Canada or what amount of work has been put in upon them, but it is only too obvious that they are machines mainly of foreign origin.

It is well known that imports into Canada, in order to obtain a preferential rate, have to fulfil far stricter conditions than goods coming into Great Britain, and it is important that uniform arrangements should be made throughout the whole Empire and that steps should be taken to prevent evasion.

Yours faithfully,

A. M. LYONS.

*House of Commons, S.W.1,
24th June, 1932.*

There is an idea about that a Big Bank is interested only in Big Business. Is that really the case? Surely, the wide variety of localities in which you can see branches of the Westminster Bank should alone be enough to dispel the notion. To all, a banking account supplies a background—a feeling of stability; and those who may have misgivings about opening one with 'so little' are invited to find that their hesitation may have been groundless

*A leaflet outlining the many services offered
by the Bank to its customers may be had
on asking at any local branch*

**WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED**

Next Week's Auction Sales

One of the most important sales in next week's programme is that of decorative furniture and objects of art at Messrs. Christie's on the 7th inst. It will include two items of historic interest. One is an elaborately painted table desk, believed to have been given by Henry VIII to Catherine of Aragon; the other is the set of beautifully embroidered horse trappings used by the First Duke of Marlborough for the Thanksgiving Service held at St. Paul's Cathedral after his victory at Blenheim.

Of the books to be sold, the most interesting are those belonging to Monsieur André Simon, which Sothebys are offering on Tuesday. These form part of the collection described in *Bibliotheca Bacchica*, but the owner is retaining the volumes of specifically vinous interest, those to be offered being primarily medical and scientific. In the same sale are some letters from Dickens and Thackeray to John Forster about their unfortunate quarrel. On Monday the same firm is offering a model of a Lapland village—a rare visitor to the saleroom, and on Thursday an Elizabethan ring engraved with a grasshopper, supposed to have been given to a guest at the banquet held by Sir Thomas Gresham in 1571 on the opening of the Royal Exchange.

Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary of State for India, has sent to Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's, for sale on the 8th inst., a rare specimen of Meissen porcelain, representing a figure of the Elector Augustus III., originally in the Belvedere Palace, Vienna.

Diary

Monday.—SOTHEY'S: Egyptian, Greek and Roman antiquities, native art, etc., from the collections of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha and others; and first of a three days' sale of printed books, fine bindings, autograph letters, including the property of the Earl of Harewood, M. André Simon and others.

Tuesday.—SOTHEY'S: Old master engravings, sporting and topographical prints including the property of the late Mr. T. Whitcombe Greene and the late Major W. W. M. Gott; and second day of the literary sale.

Wednesday.—CHRISTIE'S: Old English silver, belonging to the late Earl of Lanesborough and others.

SOTHEY'S: Modern etchings and lithographs, from various sources; and conclusion of literary sale.

HODGSON'S: Beginning of a two days' sale of books, including the library of the late Mr. Sidney Humphries.

ROBINSON, FISHER & HARDING'S: Old English furniture, Persian carpets and rugs and objects of art, the property of Lieut.-Col. E. M. Dansey.

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Thursday.—CHRISTIE'S: French and English furniture, objects of art, tapestry, rugs and statuary, the property of the late Earl of Lanesborough, Lord Churston, Sir John Mullens and others.

SOTHEY'S: The late Mr. T. Whitcombe Greene's well-known collection of portrait miniatures, rings and objects of Vertu.

PUTTICK & SIMPSON'S: Old English silver, Sheffield plate and jewellery, belonging to the late Mrs. Gordon Shee and others; and old and modern musical instruments.

Postage stamps at HARMER, ROOKE'S; and at PLUMRIDGE'S.

ROBINSON, FISHER & HARDING'S: Old English silver, Sheffield plate and jewellery, belonging to the Earl of Clonmell and others.

Friday.—CHRISTIE'S: Old pictures and drawings, belonging to Mr. H. W. Clinton Baker and others.

SOTHEY'S: Old English furniture, Oriental carpets, Italian faience, porcelain services, etc., from the collections of Mme. de Bittencourt, the late Richard Redgrave, R.A., the late Mrs. Gladys Penn and Mrs. Norah Biles.

PUTTICK & SIMPSON'S: Porcelain, Old English furniture and objects of art, belonging to Sir Samuel Hoare and others.

Postage stamps at HARMER, ROOKE'S; and at PLUMRIDGE'S.

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY'S: Decorative furniture, pictures and bronzes.

CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday.

Markets continue to be swayed by alternating hopes and fears regarding the international political situation. At home the long-discussed Conversion loan has again received marked attention, and with the present position of the money market the terms of a possible conversion offer have been freely debated. Business has, however, shown no sign of expansion and the public still holds aloof from markets. This is scarcely surprising. The confidence of investors has not only been rudely shaken by world economic conditions but their income has been seriously curtailed by the passing of dividends on various forms of security that hitherto have been regarded as unimpeachable from a revenue earning point of view. Thus money that in ordinary times would have become available for re-investment has not materialised and with depleted incomes investors have, perforce, had to realise their securities in order to provide the wherewithal to live.

Reduced Spending Power

The dividend decision of the London Midland and Scottish Railway Company, for instance, has hit investors very badly. A reduction by one-half of the dividend on over 128½ millions of that company's preference stocks and the entire passing of the half-yearly distribution on another £40,000,000 of preference capital means that holders of these stocks will get about £2,200,000 less than at this time last year. The effect is widespread, as it represents a big reduction in spending power of a vast number of people. The other Home Railway dividend announcements have yet to be made and in view of the heavy falling off in traffic earnings for the half-year the results, it is feared, are likely to be as disastrous as those of the L.M.S.

Cordoba Central Scheme

On Friday next meetings are to be held to consider a capital reconstruction scheme of the Cordoba Central Railway. The capital involved runs into £20,000,000 and every class of stockholder is asked to submit to a drastic revision of their rights. This important Argentine railway has always had a chequered career. It was overcapitalised at the outset and has had to fight hard for its existence right from its inception. Competition for traffic has been keen and the cost of working high. Following the 1920 Scheme of arrangement things improved for a time and three years ago interest was being earned and paid on the whole of the capital. The world crisis has affected the Company seriously, and at the moment its existence as a paying proposition is again in the melting pot. As already said the scheme put forward by the directors is drastic; but in the circumstances it seems inevitable.

P. and O. Banking Corporation

A satisfactory report is that published this week by the P. & O. Banking Corporation. Net profits at £107,265 are very little below those of the

preceding year while the surplus available is larger thanks to the bigger balance brought in. The dividend is maintained at 5 per cent. as for each of the past six years, and a balance of £37,855 is carried forward or £6,266 more than a year ago. With characteristic foresight the liquid resources of the bank are well maintained. Deposits show a slight diminution but cash in hand is nearly £200,000 up at £824,340 while bullion in hand and in transit and money at call and short notice total £1,700,000 against £99,000 last time. Investments stand at £3,757,307 of which £2,708,750 are in British Government securities.

"Ekco" Results

It so frequently happens that prospectus estimates go astray that an exception is an agreeable surprise and goes to prove the rule. The first report of E. K. Cole, Ltd., whose trade synonym "Ekco" is well-known throughout the Radio world, shows that the promises made when the shares were offered to the public late last year, have been fulfilled. Increased profits are disclosed and the dividend of 40 per cent. foreshadowed is to be paid on the ordinary capital. The whole of the new issue expenses have been written off out of profits and the reserve fund is increased by £20,000. Thus the new year starts with a clean and satisfactory balance sheet.

Brewery Debentures

An investment suitable for those who cannot afford to run undue risk but are desirous of getting a rather better return than can be had at the moment from long-dated British Government securities, is the 4 per cent. First Mortgage Debenture stock of Style and Winch, Ltd. This is obtainable around 84 with interest accrued as from last April, so that the yield is just over £4 15s. per cent. On last year's profits interest requirements were covered ten times and the balance sheet showed net assets amounting to £2,262,000, against £556,000 of Debenture stock.

Electric Preference Shares

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The "Saturday Review" Suggests This Week :

[We hope that this page will keep our readers in touch with the best of the Theatre, Film, and Wireless programmes, of the week.—ED.]

Next Week's Broadcasting

- July 4th, 8.15 p.m. (National) A Sibelius Concert by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Robert Kojanus.
- July 5th, 9.20 p.m. (National) and July 6th, 8 p.m. (Regional). The Productions Department confesses its weakness by producing (in English) a German Radio play—"Flags on the Matterhorn" by Gasbarra and Pfeil. It is almost certain that this will be more interesting than the native radio product, as little or no effort is made to induce reputable English authors to write for the microphone.
- July 5th, 10 p.m. (Regional) Gertrude Lawrence.
- July 7th, 8.15 p.m. (National) Gordon McConnel can always be relied upon for a "slick" production. "The Enchanted Island," an Operetta by R. H. V. Bloor and Richard H. Walthew, should not prove to be an exception.
- July 8th, 8 p.m. (Regional) Once more the B.B.C. takes its inspiration from Germany.

The success of "Samson and Delilah" is sufficient guarantee that "Euryanthe," from Berlin, will be equal or superior to any operatic broadcast from an English studio.

- July 9th, 7.5 p.m. (National) Mr. Kenneth Bell, of Balliol, opens a series of talks on "The Nations at Ottawa." If Mr. Bell is allowed to reproduce the racy style which persuaded many undergraduates to satisfy the examiners, the conference at Ottawa cannot fail for lack of intelligent understanding in this country.
- July 9th, 7.30 p.m. (National) The Saturday evening programme starts off well with a performance of H. Lane Wilson's "Dorothy's Wedding Day," by Megan Thomas, Esther Coleman, Herbert Thorpe and Foster Richardson. A very ordinary Vaudeville programme and de Falla's "El Amor Brujo" (Ballet is so exciting over the microphone) conclude a riotous evening.

Theatres and Films

Theatres

Dance with no Music. By Rodney Ackland. 8.15. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. One of the best plays the London theatre has given us for months. An amusing, dramatic, intensely interesting and exceptionally truthful study of an over-sexed young woman. Finely acted, especially by Miss Catherine Lacey and Mr. Eric Berry. Many clever character-sketches of the members of a seaside repertory company. *Embassy* (Swiss Cottage).

The Price of Wisdom. By Lionel Brown. 2.30 and 8.45. (Last performances). Irene Vanbrugh in a part that no other living actress could make credible or tolerable. There is no note in the scale of comedy that she cannot strike with the surest and most sensitive touch. Mr. Walter Piers also brings an improbable part to life. *Ambassadors*.

Musical Chairs. By Ronald Mackenzie. 8.40. Tues. and Sat. 2.30. Intelligent comedy in the manner of "The Cherry Orchard."

Criterion.
Doctor Pygmalion. By Harrison Owen. 8.30. Wed. and Thurs., 2.30. Gladys Cooper. Ronald Squire, Edmund Breon, and other first-class fashionable actors in a very nearly first-class fashionable comedy. *Playhouse.*

The Cat and the Fiddle. By Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach. 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. That very rare thing, an intelligent musical comedy, excellently played. *Palace.*

Twelfth Night. 8.30. Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. A new presentation of Shakespeare's most delightful comedy. *New.*

The Secret Woman. By Eden Phillpotts. 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. (Reviewed this week.) *Duchess.*

Films

Scarface. The gangster picture "par excellence." A brutal piece of work which is founded on the activities of Al Capone and similar thugs in Chicago. Paul Muni and Ann Dvorak. *The Empire.*

Sky Devils. A picture of the air in which there is very little war and a deal of amusement at the expense of the army. Plenty of thrills and repartee, and a good performance by Spencer Tracy. *The Plaza.*

Amateur Daddy. Not so sickly as the title suggests. Founded on the old Daddy Long Legs theme. Warner Baxter. Will be followed by *Mr. Bill the Conqueror*, a British picture with Henry Kendall. *The Regal.*

The Blue Angel. Revival of this screen classic. Emile Jannings and Marlene Dietrich under the direction of Mr. Josef von Sternberg and the supervision of Mr. Pommer. *The Rialto.*

M. This latest Fritz Lang picture continues. Founded on the Düsseldorf murders, but suffers from having been "dubbed" into English. *The Cambridge.*

Melody of Life. For those who like Jewish humour and Jewish pathos. *The New Gallery.*

One Hour With You. Maurice Chevalier, directed by Mr. Lubitsch. Will be criticized next week.

General Releases

The Dove. Dolores Del Rio in a slow-moving picture of Mexico.